CASS STREET SKETCHES

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SILVER CROSS HOSPITAL

Cass Street Sketches

(JOLIET, ILL.)

By

The Old Man

JOLIET, ILL.
C. B. HAYWARD COMPANY
1897

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Introduction

Unnecessary—"We were comrades."

Preface

Omitted—by mutual consent.

Cass Street Sketches

WHAT is commonly known as East Cass Street is generally understood to begin at Collins Street. The East City limits are on a line with the stone wall on the East line of the Joliet Manufacturing Company's land. Spring Creek is not, at this point, the City limits, as many suppose. Cass is not, correctly speaking, a Street, East of the City limits, but a public highway under the jurisdiction of the highway commissioners of Joliet Township. This highway was opened in 1856 or '7 through what was then a farm.

In 1854 an Act of the Legislature amended the City Charter, and among other things, enacted that all that part of School District No. 2, in Joliet

Township, adjacent to and around the City of Joliet, be attached to and made a part of the City of Joliet for school purposes. The East line of this School District is on a line with Walnut Street in Ridgewood. (Since the above was written this district has been extended a quarter of a mile further East.)

The distance is exactly one mile from Chicago Street to the C. R. I. & P. switch, and thence one mile to the Northeast corner of Sunnyside, on the section line of Sections Eleven and Twelve, and one mile more to the Joliet and New Lenox Township road.

The original bridge over Spring Creek was only twenty-four feet between abutments and wide enough for one team. The present iron structure, with its broad roadway and banquette sidewalks, is an evolution from a race of small wooden bridges.

All day long the rattling and rumbling traffic of heavy-laden trucks and wagons is merged and mixed with the light, rapid-rolling wheels of business, pleasure and pastime, the hurrying feet of men, women and children, and the thunder-like noise of the trolley, which alone refuses to reverently yield the right-of-way to the sad, slow-moving funeral cortege.

In the early evening, the crowd flows steadily into the city, and later ebbs back to suburban homesteads and firesides.

When all is still, and the instinct of the muskrat tells him that the boys and dogs have gone to roost, he slides out of his hole in the wall, for a star-light stroll on the water, leaving a miniature wake, like the wake of a ship on the ocean; and goes, perchance, to make a neighborly call of condolence on some widowed muskrat, whose partner has lately been caught in a steel trap.

One Sabbath, some years ago, a small child wandered away from its home, fell into the creek

at Benton street, and floated down near the Cass street bridge. At first, no one knew where it came from, but it was easily traced back to its home by the small tracks in the new-fallen snow. Bitter was the self-reproach, and pathetic, though untaught, the lamentations of the poor German parents, when called to the side of the limp form, pale face and wet tresses of the lifeless little one.

Henry K. Stevens

Near-by is the antique, but commodious and comfortable, home, well furnished from attic to basement, of Henry K. Stevens, a well-known man, who came West in the early Thirties. With his usual sagacity and foresight, he has defeated the inheritance tax and the lawyers by dividing a large estate equitably among his sons and daughters, reserving enough for himself to pass his declining years in independence, peace and plenty, in the comfort and care of three generations of children; and long and late may the shadows be in falling on one who has ever been a kind and considerate father and neighbor!

Senator George H. Munroe

One day, Senator George H. Munroe, then a plain citizen, but an uncommonly shrewd, up-to-date real estate man, went over and bought out the old gentleman's pasture, where he had long

kept his fast trotters and job-lot of traders on the succulent clover and blue grass, and the paddock was soon turned into a model subdivision, the pride and pet of its proprietor.

Dr. S. T. Ferguson

On the most prominent corner of this subdivision stands the handsome home of Doctor Ferguson, East Cass street's favorite physician, who always keeps his night-lamp trimmed and burning and the night-bell in good working order, for full often it calls him from the solace and comfort of slumber. Then comes on the bridge the footfalls of a horse, but no sound of wheels, for the ever-thoughtful doctor rides in a rubber-tired buggy, lest in his going about in the night-time he wake the babies or torture the nerves of sick ones who toss on their pillows. His reputation for skill in village, country and city practice, has given him a "State" position.

L. F. Beach

The blooded bay trotter and the light road wagon that go over the bridge like lightning, is driven by L. F. Beach, the wide-awake Chicago street merchant. He was far too wide-awake to join in the wild stampede for free silver, free trade and chaos; and the result has justified his nerve and good judgment. Mr. Beach's home was originally the home of

Major R. W. McClaughry

a man whom any street, any city, any state, any country, might be proud to claim.

He left this beautiful home on Cass street to go and fill positions of prominence and usefulness in fields where his services as humanitarian and disciplinarian were demanded. His history and reputation are written in the records of city and state institutions.

Edwin S. Munroe

Edwin S. Munroe's span of Maud S. gaited roadsters glide over the roadway like racers coming neck and neck down the homestretch, and those who know him will swear that the trap he rides in is the only trap he ever was caught in.

The light, quick tread, going either east or west on the walk planks, is the step of a young man treading on air, for he has just parted, where "Parting was such sweet sorrow, that they did say good-night till it was morrow."

Young folks, who go for a drive, have learned that this bridge is out in the country and is governed by country practice, which makes it a "toll bridge," and further out the question may be debated whether a sub-way is also a "toll-bridge."

The sound of a throbbing engine and pump, pumping streams of pure water, comes from Cass Street's Ice Plant, that grew in the summer and

flourishes best in hot weather. May its stock never be watered too much, or used to freeze out its stockholders.

And this same artesian well suggests a regret that the Enterprise, for which it once flowed, did not remain steadfast to Old Cass Street, instead of going west to grow up with and boom a new country.

Had it stayed it might, perchance, to-day be beneficent, blessing and blessed, like the pioneer old factory on the corner of Cass and Young's Avenue, which has pulled through fire, hard times and panics, and is still doing business at the old stand, thanks to the guidance and counsel of the shrewd Pennsylvania patriarch, one of its original founders.

The late theatre car has made its last trip, and now comes the carriage, drawn by high-steppers, to the tune of "After the Ball."

Lewis E. Dillman

There is a sad legal history, which begins on Cass street, touches Eastern Avenue, thence up by degrees through the courts to the highest court in the State.

Near the bridge has lately come to live, a man who once was prominent, prosperous and happy, an equal side in the triangle of partners and kindred, who owned and moved the Joliet Manufacturing Company's Plant from Plainfield to Cass Street.

At last, the strong arm of the law, with its sharp technicalties untempered with mercy, has driven the old warrior from his home and castle, where he has long stood the siege like a hero, and fought to the death, as men only fight when they fight for their homes and their firesides. Ruined in fortune and crippled in limbs, in the dull, leaden skies and bleak winds of November, and under the shadow of death, which hung over

the family, he came to spend the rest of his days in peace on Old Cass Street.

Andrew Dillman

There is a fine vacant corner on Cass, and it, too, has its legal legends, running in almost parallel lines with the house on the avenue. On this spot was once a happy and prosperous home; but disaster followed disaster, and when sickness and death hovered over the household, the doctor and the deputy may have often met at the doorway. After long suffering and anguish, the spirit of one took its flight from earth's trials and troubles. Then came surrender and peaceable possession. For some time the house stood unoccupied. On a moonless morning, one passed by, who had come on a late train from Chicago. The old home appeared to be dark, dreary and deserted — a body lacking a soul. Perhaps it was "the wind in the East," but, somehow, or in some way, something suggested Bleak House,

Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce — the long train of litigation in the courts of old England, and the blighting effect of legal contention as typified in the tenements and hereditaments of Tom-All-Alone's. Perhaps it may have been the spirits of Old Crook and his terrible Cat, and the theory of "Spontaneous Combustion" to account for the mysterious dissipation of his gin-saturated old body. But somehow, or some way, the place seemed uncanny at the unholy hour of that bleak, moonless morning, when this man was, possibly, the last one who saw the old house alive; for those inanimate objects left by careless plumbers and tinsmiths must have been then conspiring to commit a crime on Old Cass Street by burning the building, though they themselves perished in the flames.

A. H. Shreffler—Clem S. Witwer

With a little imagination, a picture with legends can be painted on this Four Corners of Cass Street. It has for a back-ground an ill-fated corner, and from it arising a cloud of black smoke and the lurid flames that destroyed a well-known brick dwelling. With this sombre scene for a setting, two beautiful homes stand out in strong contrast. To the south is the elegant home of Clem S. Witwer, president and principal proprietor of the Joliet Manufacturing Company, and in the barn the famous Arabian pony, who has cantered and pranced to the music of bands, with Colonels and Majors for riders, at the head of long processions, and, although he has a military record, is as kind as a kitten. There has lately been crape on the door of this home; death has come again into the household; sad farewells have died into echoes; the hearse has come to the horse-block for all that was mortal of Andrew

H. Shreffler, and the white pony has followed his master to Oakwood.

Judge Benjamin Olin

The fine picturesque property to the east is the home of Benjamin Olin, a distinguished ex-judge and prominent Democratic statesman. The outlook is not cheerful just at present for Democratic statesmen in this congressional district. But the Judge is yet young, a diligent student and hard worker, and may confidently hope to have that luck which comes to those who work hard and wait, for he is the logical candidate of his party for any choice political plums it may have the power to bestow.

The Judge's estimable wife, with her learning, culture and æsthetic taste, has filled the home with rare books, rare works of art, bric-a-brac and curios, and, as an educator, has given the finishing touches in all branches of art and cul-

ture to many of Joliet's most talented and popular young ladies.

Judge Charles H. Weeks

It is not, perhaps, just the square thing to talk about a man behind his back, epecially when his back is as far away as Florida. But, if Judge Weeks will imitate the habits of migratory birds, and leave his reservation at the approach of winter, he must take the consequences, and the gossiping old boys will smoke their pipes and tell how, in his youth, he could do almost anything in the way of mischief.

They will recall the time when, as leader of a posse comitatus the benefit of clergy was denied, and the horse fiddles used to play horse with men when they most desired to be let alone. But this was when he belonged to the rival Yankee Settlement, and before he had been toned down and polished up by daily association with a young lady who had recently graduated from

the Hickory Creek Co-ed Seminary, and who undoubtedly gave him a course of Caudle lectures.

At the time he was earning his judicial title, it is a well known political secret that he was one of the famous "Old Court House Clique," so freqently mentioned in the Joliet Signal in those years.

How the Judge ever acquired the tobacco habit is a mystery. Perhaps, as a compromise measure, he was allowed to retain one small vice, but it must have been under protest, as the following true fact will show: Once a large party was given at his house on Cass Street, and, as the custom was at that time, after refreshments the gentlemen went to the cloak room to smoke and tell stories. The cigars had been passed and the Judge was hustling for cuspidors, utilizing such things as coal-pails, band-boxes and wash-bowls, and whatever else he could lay hands on, at the same time apologizing by saying: "The fact is, gentlemen, there is such a d— preju-

dice against tobacco in this house, we have no conveniences for smoking."

Our Florida friend must have studied botany at Key West, for he is an expert on cigars, and can tell a domestic from an imported cigar by looking at the outside of the box and noticing whether it has an internal revenue stamp only, or also the tariff protection stamp, with a picture of a ship on the ocean.

But, all joking aside, he can tell the quality of molding sand, and tell just what percentage of silica there is in it by rubbing it in his hand and between his thumb and forefinger, as a miller or baker does flour, and he is a standard authority on fruit culture, from the citrus fruit of Florida to the wild plum and gooseberry of Hickory Creek.

He always comes back in the spring to his native haunts, just after the robins and blue birds show up, and goes to work on his gladiola and strawberry beds.

But few know how deeply this genial gentlemen, with his hearty laugh and apparent carelessness, has studied in the esoteric schools of mysticism and transcendentalism, and, with his eminently judicial mind and keeness of vision, sought to pierce the veil.

"In superstition's sands he sought for grains of truth,
In superstition's night he looked for stars."

Colonel George C. Clinton

Col. George C. Clinton is a prominent railroad man, who has handled the throttle of a locomotive; built railroads from the right-of-way up to the finishing touches; successfully managed the operation of the Elgin, Joliet and Eastern Railroad, one of the great railroads of Joliet.

If there is anything that moves which the Colonel likes better than a locomotive, it is a fine horse. Railroad man that he is, he wants a good sound bed for his rolling stock, and, with his usual energy and push, is at present figuring on

asphalt, the king of pavements, for East Cass Street.

Martin C. Bissell

Among all those who have resided on Cass street in years past, there was, perhaps, never one of more marked individuality and originality than Martin C. Bissel. He had a great many good qualities and also many amusing ones. He was always interesting, for, while with most men it can be pretty accurately surmised about what they will say or do under given conditions, it would be quite certain that he would have ideas of his own. He was not a devotee of fashion, and usually drew the plans and specifications for his wearing apparel himself, from his hat to his shoes, from his top coat to his underwear. Even his jewelry was made from leather models fashioned by his own hand. But away at the bottom of all his crudities and oddities was a solid foundation of good judgment and good

common sense. He always had the courage of his convictions. He was an outspoken abolitionist in the days when to be a black abolitionist was, in the estimation of a large class of people, the next thing to being a black man.

He had the courage, in the days before the war, to go upon the platform in old Young's Hall, stand by the side of Frederick Douglass, and introduce him to the audience as if he was a man and brother; and this at a time when the negro was held in bondage and bought and sold like cattle.

The subject of this sketch may truthfully be said to have been possessed of a dual or composite nature, of the earth, earthy; of the world, worldly, to the last degree; and yet he had a spiritual nature which carried him to the extremes of transcendentalism and mysticism.

Incredulous and skeptical in all the ordinary affairs of life; submitting every proposition to the severest test and scrutiny, he accepted as

gospel truth the mystic doctrine and teachings of Emmanuel Swedenborg; accepted his unproven statements of his power of second sight and seership; accepted as true all his description of the unseen world, and adopted his method of interpreting the meaning of certain books of the Bible by the language of correspondences.

That he was sincere in his religious belief may safely be inferred from the fact that he left his large fortune almost entirely to be used in propagating the doctrines of the New Church, of which Emmanuel Swedenborg was the founder and apostle.

Herman J. Powell

For over a year, East Cass street had the "benefit of clergy" in the person of Herman J. Powell, who came from Michigan via Iowa and Jamaica, to settle down and become one of the gospel teachers of Joliet. The many friends he has made in his brief stay are saddened to know

that poor health requires his temporary abandonment of a calling which he is intellectually and socially so well qualified to fill.

In plain sight of the bridge, stands a quaint, modern-built, "Old Colony Style" dwelling, the home of a business young lady in a department office on Chicago street, where clients, customers, politicians and statesmen come in on the ground floor, where she is caged up during hours, keeping books, cash, business, social and political secrets. Although she has a record of them all, discreetly keeps silent, but could, if she would, give them away in at least three separate and distinct languages.

Charles S. Seaver

Just beyond the last business corner of Cass Street is the home of Charles S. Seaver, a Vermont and Canadian trader, now a hustling wholesale merchant of Joliet. He is too much

pressed for time to live far from his business or to look at less than "car lots." There was no doubt where he stood when the late political contest was on and the fight hottest all along the line, for he nailed his colors high above the lightning of the trolley and let the old flag float for all it was worth until the returns were all in. Then the old gray horse came flying up the street, turned the corner with the buggy balanced on the inside wheels, as usual, and came under the wire at the tap of the dinner bell.

William McDermett

Commercial traveling men have a fair sample of the fraternity in the veteran and popular representative of Franklin Macveagh & Co., William McDermett, who is as energetic and vigorous as when he first went on the road. He owns an elegant large house on a prominent corner, has a happy family, always wears good clothes and a cheerful air, is a chronic smoker of choice cigars,

and makes sales for "The House" and friends for himself wherever he goes.

Abijah Cagwin

The night train on the Rock Island thunders over the bridge to the South, slacks up, rattles over the crossing, stops at the station, starts on over the river and canal, then its sound dies away in the darkness and distance.

"Now, o'er the one-half world nature seems dead."
But care keeps watch in an old man's eye,
And where care lodges sleep can never lie."

It is a cloudless night, "Constellations come and climb the heavens and go."

High in the cold, Northern skies, in the region of perpetual apparition, shines the Pole star, and a fancied ramble may be taken eastward past the quarries and stone-yards, on by the three silent cities, where the wind sighs and mourns at night time in the dark cypress and pine trees, and over the bright granite and white marble, and where

all nations, all denominations and creeds are at peace with each other, up the hill past the late home of Abijah Cagwin, a pioneer of 1835, and one of Joliet's merchants and grain dealers; at one time he owned over five hundred acres of land out and around East Cass street, a part of which he left to his children. He was always a large holder of Joliet real estate, and in this connection it may be stated that the name of Cagwin appears on the Plat Book in twenty-one subdivisions of real estate in Joliet Township. Harry F. Cagwin will probably add a few more to this number.

The old weather-beaten frame house at Shaw's brick yards was built by Uncle Bijah in 183–, with hard lumber sawed at his saw mill on Hickory Creek, and the line of the old mill race can be seen just south of the C., R. I. & P. R. R. He continued to reside in this house until 1840, when he was elected Probate Judge and removed to Joliet.

Mr. Cagwin was of a very social disposition and wherever men congregated he was usually the center of a group, for he was an interesting talker, and always had something to say which the boys wanted to hear, even if they did, sometimes, have to wait for him to take a whiff of his pipe before he finished a remark.

One summer day in '89, a horse and buggy came dashing down Chicago street, and men's hearts stood still when they saw that the frantic horse was beyond the control of Uncle Bijah, its driver. All were horror-stricken when, by the bounding of the buggy, he was thrown up in the air and alighted on his head and shoulders on the hard pavement. It did not seem possible that a man of his age and weight could survive such a fall, and his friends were surprised and gratified to learn that, although badly shocked, he had sustained no serious injuries.

Martin Westphal

On by Sunnyside with its double row of cottages and Dickens'-named streets, on by the bright burning kilns where brick has been made by two generations, and further on, the beautiful home of Martin Westphal, the banker; thence on to Hickory Creek bridge, to rest, muse and ponder, with the noise of the water for music, and the Red Mill with its mill pond, mill dam, bluff and woodland for a landscape.

At about this point runs the west meandering, indefinite line of the old Pioneer Hickory Creek Settlement, bounded south by the Five Mile Grove Settlement, east by Van Horne's Point, the present village of New Lenox, and north by Yankee Settlement, which is most all, if not all, of the Township of Homer.

Oakwood Cemetery

George W. Casseday, Francis L. Cagwin and Daniel C. Young were the original proprietors of Oakwood Cemetery; A. J. Mathewson, the surveyor who platted it; Francis Goodspeed, the notary public who took the acknowledgement, and Royal E. Barber, the recorder when it was recorded.

For many years this beautiful city of the dead has been guarded and cared for by Walker McDowell and sons, the faithful sextons.

George M. Fish

George M. Fish's old friends disregard the threatening inscription at the entrance to his duck domain, for they know that "Visitors not wanted — beware of the dog," is not meant for them.

This once prominent banker and manufacturer is now leading the life of a recluse, away from the busy haunts of men, and is engaged in poultry raising on an extensive scale. The large hatchery has all the modern improvements, the plant is in charge of experts, and everything is run on systematic business principles.

Incubators automatically kept at a uniform temperature of 103 hatch out chickens in twenty-one days, ducks in twenty-eight days, and geese in thirty days.

A Peculiar Stock Farm

A mephitis mephitica farm was started a short distance from Cass Street, which, from the prolific nature of these little nocturnal mammalia, promised to rank high among Joliet's manufactories.

Theoretically the scheme figured out big on paper, but practically it was not a success. At

the round-up and final count it appeared the stock had decreased instead of increasing. So the varmints were slaughtered for their pelts and, dyed and disguised as some costly fur, will adorn and tickle the fair necks of those who would shudder and shrink from the contact, if it was known what animal first wore the fur.

Ridgewood

It is a fine thing for a community to have among its members men of enterprise, pluck and energy, and it makes all the difference in the world who the property owners are; whether they are men who hold on to a piece of real estate, kick at improvements, fight taxes, and wait for time and the enterprise of others to increase the value of their land, or men who go to work and improve their property to the very best advantage possible. All around the Ridgewood region are indications of the fact

that somebody is looking after things—spending money, making improvements himself, and getting a full share of public improvements.

To those acquainted with the facts it is unnecessary to say that, to the energy and influence of Senator Munroe, this section of suburban Joliet is mostly indebted,—from the location of Silver Cross Hospital down. A man who can, at the same time he is doing a good thing for himself, do good things for the community, is invaluable.

Red Mill and Thomas Culbertson

The Red Mill is the only water-power flour mill in Will County ever rebuilt after a fire. But this is readily accounted for when it is known that Senator Munroe was one of its owners at the time of the fire. For many years it was owned and operated by Thomas Culbertson, a well-known miller, who lived in the neat white cottage near by. Imagination brings him

back; he is seen early in the morning with his long-toothed rake, removing the driftwood and rubbish caught in the race guards, then raising the bulkhead gates and connecting the gearing, which sets machinery and mill-stones to grinding the amber-hued wheat into flour and the golden corn into meal. He examines the warm fresh graham as it comes from the mill-stones, before it is carried in buckets on belting to the revolving bolts, and bolted through graded bolting cloth into fine flour, middlings, shorts and bran, each carried in a separate spout to its own bin. The corn is ground on the corn run of stone, passes up in buckets, and is separated into fine meal and bran. Making sure there is grain enough in the hoppers, he fills his long-spouted oil can from the oil jug and goes over the mill, oiling cog-wheels and bearings. The grists come, and each in its turn goes into the hopper. With scales or toll-dishes, he takes his toll squarely and honestly — one-eighth for

grinding and bolting wheat and rye, or other grain; one-seventh for grinding Indian corn, barley and buckwheat, or other grain, not bolted; one-eighth for grinding malt and chopping all other kinds of grain. Thus the toll bin contained quite an assortment of wheat, good, bad and indifferent. The grade of flour it made would be quite uncertain, bread-making not an exact science, but a matter of "good luck" or "bad luck," as it was called by the bread-makers. In its season, one day of the week is set apart as buckwheat day, for both stones and bolts have to be cleaned after buckwheat before wheat is ground.

When the mill-stones need dressing, the upper stone is raised by a crane, turned over, and a straight-edge, freshly painted with Venetian red mixed with water, is run over the face, that the grooves made by the dressing pick may show plainly; then, with a bag of bran to pillow his elbow, the miller pecks away with his sharp,

chisel-like pick, dressing the stones, and this is where the skill of a miller is required.

The old mill changed hands, and the miller knew that a mortal disease was upon him. With resignation, fearlessly, calmly and clearly, he put his worldly affairs in order, and Moses Demmond, the man who now lives in the old homestead, and the author, witnessed his last will and testament.

Soon there came a day when the sound of the grinding was low in the mill — mourners and life-long friends gathered about the old mill and the old home. The stream from under the mill ran in the tail-race as silent as the tears from beneath the eyelids of the mourners; and the cadence of water flowing over the mill dam, with the slow rumbling of carriage wheels, seemed a fitting requiem for the departed spirit of the gentle and kindly miller, as all that was mortal was reverently laid to rest at Oakwood.

Lewis E. Ingalls

Lewis E. Ingalls began life in Dupage, Will County, in 1839; came to Joliet in 1869; engaged in the lumber business, then in real estate, which he found more to his liking and better adapted to his genius. He wanted pure air and more elbow room than he could have in the city and bought a three-hundred-acre tract of choice land east of Joliet, in the Hickory Creek country.

Mr. Ingalls also discovered that he had the capacity to handle large transactions, and trans-ferred his real estate business to Chicago, where he could have an unlimited field for big deals.

His model farm and racing park were once one of the famous Black Hawk camp grounds. Here, one might turn the fancy loose and revel in Indian legends and Indian traditions, for, from the large number of relics found in and around the premises, it is evident that this spot was long used as

an Indian camp, and undoubtedly the scene of many famous pow-wows and war dances.

There is a strong contrast between the Indian wigwam and the fine home of the present proprietor; a strong contrast between the horde of savages who gathered here in bygone days and the elegant throng who congregate to witness races on a mile of as fine sod track as can be found in the world; a strong contrast between those unkempt blanketed squaws and the beauty and fashion which assemble here on Ladies' Day; a wide difference between Indian war paint and modern face powder; and the drapery of fashionable gowns leaves much more for the imagination in the matter of anatomy.

There is no comparison between the ungroomed, half-starved Indian ponies, and racers with records of speed which would not have been dreamed of by horsemen a few years ago. The pneumatic tire sulky is a decided improvement on hickory poles dragged by Indian ponies.

There was abundance of fire-water at those old-time gatherings of the Indian race, but the present proprietor has demonstrated that a race can be successful without liquor.

It is an animated and lovely sight to see this grand park filled with fine equipages, many colored gowns and garments, and the gleaming of human faces, when the race is on and all eyes intent upon the "field" and "favorites," straining every nerve to take and keep the lead. Then the winner comes under the wire; is cheered; is elated and happy; but what of the vanquished?

The judges' decision is seldom appealed from, for this court is governed by "good horse sense."

Much might be done to elevate the character of racing, if a chain of gentlemen's select clubs were formed in different cities, to ride and drive their own horses in friendly contest for gold or silver spurs, or jewelled bits for the prizes. This would be genuine sport, away and beyond racing horses with hired jockies.

What an enthusiastic assembly there would be when Joliet's picked four — say Messrs. C. S. Seaver, J. T. Donahoe, A. E. Dinet and J. L. O'Donnell were to ride for the spurs against Ottawa or Aurora's picked four.

Base-Ball, foot-ball, and even whist would pale into insignificance compared with such a gallant contest as this.

New Lenox

This section of country was doubly favored by providence: first, in the fertility and rare beauty of the land and healthfulness of climate, and again in the good judgment and most excellent character of its pioneers. For, take them one and all, they would average up with any settlement in the West. Their names are all recorded in the History of Will County by one who knew them well and knew their worth — George H. Woodruff. This reliable historian says there

were three white settlers in the Hickory Creek Settlement in 1829: Col. Sayre, Mr. Brown and Mr. Friend; that Brown died and was buried on the Davison place, this being the first white man's funeral in Will County. The first post-office was at Gougar's, and Joliet people had to go there for mail and pay at least twenty-five cents apiece for their letters.

This township can boast of a fine forest, an old fort, (builders unknown); mineral springs; Hickory Creek and surroundings, which could be readily developed into a most enchanting summer and health resort, all within less than an hour's ride from Chicago, on one of the best railroads in the world. Speaking of railroads, recalls the fact that there was an important station of a subterranean railroad in this township in slavery times, but no one would for a moment suspect that the well-preserved, popular gentleman of the old school, Dwight Haven, had ever run the risk, in his youth, of undermining his

constitution and the constitution of the United States by assisting in operating an underground railroad.

Rock Island Railroad

The original charter for the Rock Island and LaSalle Railroad was amended by act of the Legislature February 7, 1851, to the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad. The capital stock was increased $300,000, and Uri Osgood and N. D. Elwood, as commissioners, opened books for stock subscriptions.

The Board of Directors held their first meeting at Peoria, April 8, 1851, and elected James Grant, president; Churchill M. Coffin, vice president; Nelson D. Elwood, secretary; George Morris and N. D. Elwood, attorneys; W. B. Jones, of New York City, engineer; and Samuel B. Reed was appointed engineer to take charge of location and construction. N. D. Elwood secured most of

the right-of-way from Chicago to the Mississippi.

Farnham and Sheffield took the contract to build the entire line for $500,000, to be paid in monthly installments as the work progressed. Joel A. Matteson, as sub-contractor, built the road from Blue Island to the west Will County line, a distance of thirty-five miles, and employed about eight hundred men on the work.

When Joel A. Matteson was elected Governor in 1852, there was no railroad from Joliet to Springfield, and the Rock Island rails were only laid a few miles west of town.

When he left Joliet for the State Capitol, the contractors provided a special train, and a large number of citizens escorted their new Governor as far as a train could be run over the new railroad.

When the road was completed to the Mississippi in 1854, prominent citizens along the line received an invitation from its officers for an excursion, including a round trip by boat up the

river to St. Paul. Bottled beverages are said to have been a prominent feature of this picnic, but whether they were included in the original invitation, or came in under the head of extras, the oldest inhabitant does not distinctly remember.

The old Rock Island Railroad and Hickory Creek have been neighbors and friends for many years. Although they cross each other's paths, and in times of high water some encroachments have been made by the creek on the right-of-way of the road, they have journeyed along side by side through Joliet, New Lenox and Frankfort townships for forty-five years. Old settlers have a kindly feeling toward this road, for, to many, it was their first sight of a railroad — the first upon which they ever traveled. To them, its swift-running passenger trains were marvels of speed compared with the old hoosier wagon, the lumbering, thorough-brace-spring stages on the stage roads and packets on the canal.

To-day the C., R. I. & P. owns 2,880.70 miles,

and leases 690.71 miles, thus operating 3,571.41 miles of continuous or solid jointed, heavy steel rails, with rolling stock and equipment unsurpassed by any road in the country. It has never been in the hands of a receiver and the stock always pays good dividends.

From Joliet to Chicago, this road passes through a beautiful country, along woodland and limpid water, over broad savannahs, and gently-rolling prairies. Fertile fields, pastures, pleasant homes, parks, mansions and mammoth barns,

> "Dart by so swiftly that their images
> Dwell not upon the mind, or only dwell
> In dim confusion."

The Rock Isalnd route is a favorite with Joliet people, and the "smoker" is well patronized by representative business men. While everything else in this car is of a go-as-you-please nature, it is not considered good form to smoke any other than "Upmann's Best," out of respect for J. Fred

Wilcox, the portly and genial autocrat of the car, who owns a large frontage on old Cass street and resides on one of its most prominent corners.

Gone are the old iron rails. Gone are the old twenty-five-mile-an-hour, wood-burning locomotives, with the blue-white, pungent-odored wood smoke.

Gone are the great long wood piles, the old horse-power tread-mill and buzz-saw, and the fragrance of the fresh-cut oak, hickory, ash, and maple tree. Now, replaced by the blighting, corroding fumes of the sulphuric acid of bituminous coal smoke. Gone are the old conductors, engineers and brakemen, but that perennial plant, the train-boy, like the corporation, never dies. If one drops out or gets lost in the shuffle, his successor in trust bobs up serenely with the same old figs, peanuts, popcorn and papers, business goes on at the old stand, and there is no interruption to this branch of inter-state commerce.

The Cut-Off

The Cut-Off Railroad was built in 1855 by Joel A. Matteson and Nelson D. Elwood, under the very liberal charter of the Oswego and Indiana Plank Road Co.

Mr. Elwood was its president until the road passed into the ownership of the Michigan Central. He was the proprietor of the village of Matteson and joint owner with Sherman W. Bowen of Frankfort and Spencer stations.

Until the completion of its line from Joliet north in 1857, C., A. & St. L. trains ran into Chicago over the Cut-Off and Illinois Central roads.

Calvin C. Knowlton was for many years superintendent of the Cut-Off. Since then, its superintendents, with the exception of Lester A. Soule, have hardly remained in Joliet long enough to become acclimated.

George W. Beiber seems to hold his position for life, or good behavior, which amounts to the same thing with him.

Although the Cut-Off enjoys the distinction of being the only railroad which has its terminal at Joliet, the citizens do not point with pride to the exact spot where its passenger traffic terminates.

Abram Francis

In the spring of 1831, Abram Francis and party came from Ohio on horseback to LaFayette, Indiana, where they left their horses and struck out on foot with knapsacks, guns and axes.

At Yellow Head Point, now Momence, they found a large black-walnut log, from which they made a canoe thirty feet long, and in this they floated down the Kankakee river to near Wilmington, where they abandoned the boat and followed the Indian trail to Hickory Creek Settlement. Here, Mr. Francis showed his good judgment by making a selection of an ideal spot for

a farm: prairie, woodland, and water. The Chicago Indian trail ran near his door, and Indians were frequent callers.

A. Allen Francis

In this discontented age, contented men are seldom met with, but A. Allen Francis seems to be satisfied with his lot, and he may well be, when it consists of over twelve hundred acres of New Lenox farm land.

Mr. Francis has never been a rolling stone, gathering no moss, but must have a large development of the organ phrenologists name "inhabitiveness," for he sleeps every night within a few feet of the spot where he was born.

Perhaps the longest time he has ever been away from home was in '59, when he attended High School in Joliet, and, in the literary and debating society, acquired, among other things, a knowledge of parliamentary law and tactics, which makes him a model presiding officer and

speaker. That he is popular with farmers is evidenced by the fact of his being the unanimous choice, from year to year, for president of the Will County Farmers' Institute.

This dignified and sedate gentleman may not exactly like to have the public know that in his school days he appeared before the footlights and played the leading part in the "Laughable Farce of Brigham Young and Horace Greeley" to a large and appreciative audience.

He never told his wife about it. She learned it from a wayfaring man one day, and rewarded him for his information with a good square meal, consisting, among other things, of chicken and custard pies, which were poultry poems bound in pastry.

When one becomes a guest at his lovely home, with its music and culture, and meets Mrs. Francis, there is no surprise that he, who once had fifteen Mormon wives, is now contented and happy with one Gentile wife.

Morgan Watkins

"I Pray you do not mock me,
I am an old man, fourscore and upward,
And to deal plainly, I fear I am not in my perfect mind."

It was the most hollow mockery for the wags of the early 50's to persuade an over-credulous old gentleman, named Morgan Watkins, that he was so popular he could be elected to various offices. He was always ready to run for office or go a-courting.

One of his unique announcements is given as copied from the Joliet Signal:

"By request of many friends and citizens, having a due regard for the safety, welfare and political prosperity of our common country, I have been constrained, after mature deliberation, to announce myself a candidate for the office of sheriff.

"Standing upon the platform of equal rights and the broad principles of universal suffrage, with an eye single to the glory and honor of our

common country, and the untarnished perpetuity of those great and glorious principles of Democracy handed down from the beginning of the world by Nebuchadnezzar and other similar patriots of antiquity, I hereby announce myself the 'Main Liquor Law and Know-Nothing candidate for sheriff, subject to the unanimous decision of the whole American people.

"October 17th, 1854.

"MORGAN WATKINS."

The election returns, as published in the Joliet Signal, do not show that any votes were cast for Morgan Watkins for sheriff.

Judge Davison

One of the prominent features in the heart of the landscape of Hickory Creek Settlement is a comfortable, old-fashioned farm house, part frame and part stone. While pursuing his calling of surveyor in New Jersey, Judge John J. Davison

stumbled on a large tract of timber land which had been overlooked by land-grabbers. He secured the patent, and, partly with his own axe, turned the timber into money, and kept the surveyor's chain, saw and axe, as souvenirs or mascots during his lifetime. In coming west, he was detained a while in Indiana by being elected Judge of Probate.

After this, he traveled extensively through Indiana and Illinois on horseback, and surveyed for the government and individuals in different counties, but evidently found no land that suited him as well as the land in Hickory Creek Settlement, where he selected some choice tracts of timber and prairie, which still belongs to his daughters. His original home, a double log house, stood just north of the present stone and frame dwelling. The stone building was a part of what was intended to be a large stone dwelling; he had just completed this when death came for him, and the work ceased.

Dr. B. F. Allen

Some time after the death of Judge Davison, Dr. Benjamin F. Allen, a graduate of a New York Medical College, and talented, all-round literary man, came into the Settlement, and, after looking the ground over, concluded the inhabitants were more in need of a school-master than a doctor. Accordingly he accepted the position of school-master, and boarded round. That which was most likely to happen, did happen. The young doctor met the young widow, wooed and won her, and they were wed.

This amiable gentleman filled the delicate position of step-father in a manner most acceptable, not only to the family, but to the entire settlement, and so well and faithfully did he perform his trust as guardian, that when the minors became of age they found themselves in possession of handsome fortunes.

In 1860, the family removed to a very pleasant home on Cass street. As he had retired from active business, the Doctor fitted up a cozy little literary den, where he spent most of his time with his books and in literary work, and became a frequent contributor to the local papers. He told the romance of his life in poetry, in a charming little volume entitled: "Irene, or the Life and Fortunes of a Yankee Girl."

Cornelius C. Van Horne

> "O mischief! thou art swift to enter in
> The thoughts of desperate men."

The following record of a coroner's inquest, and the formal entries in the docket of the Will County Circuit Court, comprise the legal record of a very thrilling and dramatic episode in the early days of the Hickory Creek Settlement.

Some time in 1840, an old man named Kramer, making his way on foot to his former home in

Pennsylvania, was found in a fit, in a deserted blacksmith shop, in the Hickory Creek Settlement. He was taken to the house of Archibald McLaughlin and cared for until able to resume his journey.

At this time, he had quite a sum of money with him. He was next found near Skunk's Grove, and muttered in an unintelligible way that he had been robbed. His money was gone, he died in a few days and was buried by the charity of the community.

The McLaughlin's were suspected of being the robbers. The father and son were indicted for robbery and larceny.

As justice of the peace, Cornelius C. Van Horne had, perhaps, been mainly instrumental in causing the crime to be fastened on them, and thus incurred their most bitter animosity.

Archibald McLaughlin, Jr., disappeared from the neighborhood, and after a time the father began a pretended search in the timber and along

the creek, saying that he believed his boy had been murdered.

After the finding of the body, as detailed in the coroner's report, McLaughlin and his Jezebel wife charged Esquire Van Horne with being the murderer of their son.

As the sequel proved, these fiends had entered into a diabolical conspiracy to get their son out of the country, save the bondsmen, who had become bound for his appearance at court for trial, and also have revenge on Esquire Van Horne.

They had removed Kramer's body from the grave and taken it in a wheelbarrow to Hickory Creek; they also ran Matthew Van Horne's wagon as far as they could in that direction and back again, to make it appear that the body had been brought there in that wagon, and then at the inquest swore that it was the body of their son.

The Kramer grave was at once opened; the

body was not there. It was established that the body found in the water was not McLaughlin's, but Kramer's.

Part of the coroner's report is here given verbatim. It is unique, and bears evidence of an unusual amount of primitive "crowners' quest law."

STATE OF ILLINOIS, } ss.
WILL COUNTY. }

On the fifteenth day of July one thousand eight hundred and forty before the subscriber coroner of the County of Will personally appeared Allen Denny, Lewis Denny Archable smith Archibald McGloflin Andrew More William Gowger Jacob Simons John Atkins sen Truman Smith David R. Hobly who was duly sworn to give evidence and the truth to say concerning his knowledge of the manner by whom the Deceased ———————— the person whose body was lately found Dead at Havens Mill Pond in Hickory Creek Precinct came to his death.

Allen Denny Deposeth and saith

That on the 15th Day of July 1840 that about 7 o'clock in the morning Discovered a body of a man lieing in water about 15 rods above O. H.

& P. A. Havens saw mill and after notifying the inhabitants of the settlement and further examining the shore and ground about the said mill discovered that the body had been resently there the body had the appearance of being in a high state of putrifaction that on examining the shore more closely found the tracts of wheelbarrows goeing into the water and out also found hair on shore and pieces of rope of the length of 2 feet and some shorter pieces had the appearance of being recently cut.

On examining found wheelbarrow tracts in a direction on the road westerly from the mill and locks of hair resembling the hair on the head of the body at a distance of 40 or 50 rod from the place where the body was found.

Also found a small rope resembling the one before mentioned about 18 in long had the appearance of being recently cut also hair about the rope and a lock hair near where it was found body was naked except a part of brown cotton shirt that he was there about six days before the body was found and saw no appearance of any person lieing in the water and thinks that the body must have been put there since that time.

ALLEN DENNY.

Lewis Denny deposeth and saith that he was acquainted with one Archibald Mclaullin who has been absent from the place since about February last and he verry believes the body to be the same that on examining the shore where the body was found there was the marks of a wheelbarrow hair small pieces of rope and had the appearance that the body had been brought from a distance and deposited in the water where it was found but one or two days previous to it being first discovered as I was there on the 12 day previous to the discovery of the body and crossed the creek several times where the body was found that I have examined the road and found hair at five several places at a distance of 40 or 50 rods from the body I further state that on examining a wheelbarrow in the possession of Archibald Smith the tire of the wheel agreed in width the track found near the hair and the wheelbarrow had hair on it resembling the hair on a man's body. LEWIS L. DENNY.

Archibald Smith deposeth and saith that on being informed that the body of a person was in the creek near the Havens saw mill about 15 rods above it I immediately repaired to the place and found it to be the body of a man about 5½ feet in hight very much putrified so that the

flesh was dropping of the bones without cloth except a coarse factory shirt and on examining found the body to all appearance had been recently put there he further saith that a wheelbarrow in his possession was taken from its usual place and left 15 or 20 rods east of the house in a direction to where the body was found that the tracts of the wheel join in the road and near the body would correspond with the wheel on my barrow.

ARCHIBALD SMITH.

Archibald McLachlin Deposeth and saith that he has a son by the name of Archibald McLaughlin of the age of 23 years in April of the present year that he left home on or about the 26 day of February to go to Mr. Woods at Cagwins saw mill and expected to return before the March term of the Circuit Court since which time I have never seen him has seen the body of a man found in Hickory Creek on the 15th inst by Allen Denny and verrily believes it to be the body of his son Archibald and also believes that his said son was murdered that he has spent some 20 or 30 days looking in Hickory Creek and the adjoining woods for his body since his absence. That on or obout the 18th day of February 1840 there was some altorcation took place

between Cornelius C. Vanhorn and my son Archibald which resulted in a threat of the former that he would wreck him or ruin him and that the latter expressed and unwillingness to be out in the night for fear but that in day time he was not afraid of him that he was last seen about 40 rods from the residence of Mathew Van Horne crossing that way about 8 or 9 o'clock in the morning that David R. Hoby stated at the March term of the Circuit Court of Will County that he knew a certain fact by an order that he had and after said that the order referred to was the same paper that I am sure I saw in the possession of my son Archibald three days previous to absence.

ARCHIBALD MCLACHLIN.

Phineas H. Holden Deposeth and saith

That he was acquainted with Archibald McLaughlin. Andrew More Deposeth and saith that A. C. Van Horn told him last evening that William Gouger told him that Archibald McLaughlin had said that he had received a letter from his son Archibald McLauflin jun and that he would bet anything that he was not dead.

ANDREW MOORE.

William Gougar Deposeth and saith that Archibald McGlaughlin told him that he had

received a letter from his son John also that he believed his son Archibald was murdered.

WILLIAM GOUGAR.

Jacob Simons Deposeth and saith that he was acquainted with Archibald McGlauflin and that he last saw him about the first week in March at his fathers that there was a hardness between him and Esquier Van horn.

JACOB SAMMONS.

Truman Smith Deposeth and saith that he was well acquainted with Archibald McGlauflin Jr has seen the body found in the Hickory Creek near Havens saw mill and that he verally believes it to be the body of the said Archibald McLaughlin that he had been frequently at the house of Archibald McLaughlin in the absents of the said Archibald McLaughlin and that the family told him he had gone to search for his son who he believed was murdered he recognizes said body from its length its teeth its shape and all its appearances to be the body of Archibald McLaughlin Jun and also by its hair.

TRUMAN SMITH.

Abraham C. Vanhorn deposeth and saith was some acquainted with Archibald McLaughlin last saw him in February last about 4 or 5 rods east

of Mathew Van horns in the highway had some conversation with him thinks it was Saturday in the afternoon the somewhat cold don't know that said Archibald had any particular enemy Never had any conversation with Mr. Gowger on the subject of Archibald McLauflin son receiving a letter from his son Archibald McLauflin jur that a report was raised which I herd at Mr. Robert Smith 4 to 6 weeks since that Archibald had murdered a man somewhere on fox river or the Due page that George McCoy inquired for his father to testify at Thornton witness lives about 3 miles from this place that he did not know that it was the bady of Archibald McLauflin or not that it was his opinion from all the light that he had on the subject after the witness told him it was the opinion of some that it was Archibald McLauflin jur he said it was his opinion that old Mr McLauflin had dug up some other body and put it into the creek for the purpose of clearing his bail and throwing suspicion on his father and others that they were the murderers of Archibald McLauflin jur heard that the body had been found on Wednesday and on the same evening heard that the body was exposed and that individuals had commenced for examination I was then living and working within three miles of the place when the body was found and have

remained there until this time and should not have been here at all had it not been that I was told that I was wanted as a witness.

did not see the body did not search for the body has worked with Archibald McLauflin jur about 5 or 6 days during the harvest of 1839 at Mr Rows and eat at the same table at the same time lived within about 17 miles and seen him frequently since he was about the medium height thick set think he was 22 or 3 years old full faced large and striking in appearance black hair or very dark saw some of his hair and thinks it was the same in appearance thinks his teeth were rather short round favored and rather short that on Monday last my father was at my house left on the same day said he was going to Mr Bartholts Mr Hoby lives between my house and said Barthols on the road my father passed my house on Monday morning following on his way as I understood to Mr Markers who lives about 8 miles east on the Sac Trail did not see my father since until Wednesday about oclock at Juliet.

ABRAHAM C. VAN HORNE.

Mrs Janet McLauflin Deposeth and saith is the wife of Archibald McLauflin jur and the mother of Archibald McLauflin jur he was about the middle sise dark or black hair lost one of his fore

teeth round forard or rather oval saw him last about 9 o'clock the morning of the last Wednesday of February last gowing down the road west towards Mathew Van horns said he was going to Cagwins mill to work for Mr. Wood his trunk and cloths all at home except what he had on he took no change of clothing with him had on a coarse linen working shirt such as he worked in mornings to the best of her recollection never intimated to me that he had any of going of but said nothing should drive him from this place but death until the cause was tried for which he was bonnd over my son said to me that he was threatened by old Van horn meaning esquire Vanhorn I told him not to go by the house he said that the road was made to travel in and he should not turn out for any man in the day time On or about the last Monday of last March Sarah and myself went up to Mr Hoby and Sarah in my presence asked Mr. Hoby to let her see the order that he swore he had at the trial referring to the trial of State against Archibald McLauflin as I understood said Hoby moved as though he intended to get the order I then spoke and said I wanted to see the order too because I could then tell at what time you got the money that he swore to at the aforesaid trial Mr Hoby then said he should not let me see the order for a examina-

tion that said Hobey repeatedly said that he had the order and I can produce it at any time on Sunday previous to his leaving for the last time Archibald and his father were conversing in relation to the trial aforesaid and the evidence necessary to be produced on that trial and among other evidence he produced a paper and said to his father here is the order that Hobey gave to Basset or partner on Tuesday in the evening I saw as he told me the same order In his hands and I advised him to leave it at home he said no mother if the house should get afire I should have nothing to confute Hoby testimony he was 24 years of age In a convasation in relation to the robing of Cramer C C Vanhorn said to Archibald McLauflin jur I will wreck you and ruin you this convasation was a few days before the examination of said Archibald before Esq Van Horn and Merick for the robery of said Cramer at D. Willsons House I have not seen my son since February above referred to when he went away nor have received any letter from him or heard from him in any shape. JENNET MCLAUHLIN.

Elizabeth Colwell Deposeth and saith that she was present when Mrs McLauflin and deautur cauled upon Mr Hoby for a certain order Mr Hoby replied that he would produce the order but did

not Sarah she afterwards asked mister Hoby if he had the order he answered that it was his business or something to that import this conversation took place some time last spring.

her
ELIZABETH (X) COLWELL.
mark

Mathew Van horn Deposeth and saith is acquainted with Archibald McLauflin sen saw him last at Joliet at a suit in which Archibald McLauflin jr was plaintiff and said witness defendant this was some time in the month of February last to the best of my recollection says that to his knowledge he heard no conversation between C C Vanhorn and said Archibald neither in the office on the stairs or out of doors says he saw the body but did not touch it or examine it alone or with Mr Berthol says he thinks the hair did not correspond with the hair on the head of Archibald McLauflin jur.

MATTHEW VAN HORNE.

George Evans Deposeth and saith was acquainted with Archibald McLauflin jur of middle statute 5½ ft high dark complexion one tooth missing seen him last about the middle of February last the hair agreed very well with the color of said Archibalds hair the body looked very

much like Archibald McLauflin jur and I believe was the same hunted cows with him about a week before he was missing in the woods.

GEORGE EVANS.

Lysander Denny Deposeth and saith is not intamately acquainted with Archibald McLaufllin suppose him to be over five feet high rather thick set black or dark colored hair on examining the body believed it to be the build of Archibald the hair on his head in the water appeared to resemble his from what I could discover the body appeared to be recently put in the water about 10 or 12 rods above Havens saw mill or Hickory Creek my reason for thinking this was that there was marks of a wheel barrow in and out of the creek and on the bank and also discovered a piece of rope with hair lieing near it having the resemblance slime being dried.

on further examination found wheel barrow tracks resembling those at the creek where the body appeared to have been thrown in along the road 40 or 50 rods and found these bunches of hair resembling that on the head of the body at the several places said witness discovered a waggon tract come from the South to near the place where the wheelbarrow tract was found and returned the same road said tract had the

appearance of being made at the same time with the wheel barrow tract On said witness measuring the tract of the waggon so found finds that it agrees with same but Matthew Vanhorns have measured 15 or 20 wagons and tracts.

LYSANDER DENNY.

Cornelius C Vanhorn Deposeth and saith was acquainted with Archibald McLauflin jur saw three letters taken out of the postoffice by Mr Holderman on Wednesday the 15th day of July postmarked one Randolph, Pennsylvania, one Meadville, Ohio, one Rock River, Rapid.

CORNELIUS C. VAN HORNE.

Sworn to and subscribed before me.

JOEL GEORGE,
Coroner of Will County.

We, the jury, having been duly sworn by Joel George, Coroner of Will County, diligently to inquire and true presentment make in what manner and by whom the Deceased body was found lieing in Hickory Creek where the water was about two feet deep about twelve or fifteen rods east of Philo Havens saw mill on the fifteenth day of July one thousand eight hundred and forty came to his death after having heard the evidence and upon full inquiry concerning

the facts and a carful examination of the said body do find that the deceased came to his death by violence and by some person or persons unknown to the jury and that the said body has upon it the following mark and wound and which this jury find to be the cause of his Death towit. The body had the appearance or the body of a man and believed to have been dead several months the flesh cleaving from the bons the skull intirely broke acrost from ear to ear having an entire piece broke out from the right side of the length of three or four inches commencing at the crown of the head and extending from the right side to the ear having on a coarse cotton shirt.

LEWIS WOODS foreman (ss)
FRANCIS OWEN (ss)
JOHN HOLMAN (ss)
SIMEON BROWN (ss)
JOHN ATKINSON (ss)
JOHN WEAR (ss)
L. M. CLAYES (ss)
DAVID KETCHMEN (ss)
ANDREW MOORE (ss)
ELISHA CURTIS (ss)
WILLIAM R RICE (ss)
WM VANSSEKLE (ss)

I Joel George Coroner in and for the County and State aforesaid do hereby certify that the foregoing is a true statement of the proceedings had before me of and concerning the death of the said deceased.

Given under my hand and seal this 18 day of July A D 1840 JOEL GEORGE,
Coroner of Will County,
Ill.

(on back)
Verdict of Jury on Dead body up Hickory Creek

Filed September 2d 1840
LEVI JENKS
Clk

In a short time, a letter to McLaughlin, written somewhere in Pennsylvania, was opened by consent of the postmaster, and proved to be from Archibald McLaughlin, Jr.

McLaughlin and his wife had good reason to fear the vengeance of the outraged community, and, without stopping to say good-bye to their neighbors, left the country.

This cleared up the whole mystery, fully showed the conspiracy, and proved the innocence of C. C. Van Horne, and he became, if possible, more popular than ever.

He taught the first school in Hickory Creek Settlement in the winter of 1832-1833; was the first postmaster in Will County, and first justice of the peace in Hickory Creek precinct. He was a member of the bar, and had his office at Chelsea until he removed to Joliet, where he practiced law and became the first mayor of the city.

George H. Woodruff, historian of pioneer days in Will County, says: "Perhaps the most prominent of the persons named above, in our history, was C. C. Van Horne. He taught the first school in the vicinity, in the winter of 1832. His place, in the point of timber that makes out into the prairie in which are the camp grounds of the Methodist brethren, was known in the early days as 'Van Horne's Point.' He was a marked character, well and extensively known throughout

Cook County, of which we then formed a part. He was one of our most useful citizens in those days, transacting the business of the early settlers and aiding them in obtaining their claims and land titles."

One July night, in 1854, when death's swift messenger, cholera, came for the old pioneer, he knew it meant:

> "I have a journey shortly to go,
> My Master calls,—I must not say no."

William Cornelius Van Horne

William Cornelius Van Horne is the eldest son of Cornelius Covenhoven Van Horne by his second marriage. He was born at Van Horne's Point, in New Lenox, in February, 1843.

When about thirteen years of age, he left school and went into the Illinois and Mississippi Telegraph office at Joliet, and there learned to telegraph on the old-fashioned instruments then in use.

He had a natural fondness for the arts and sciences, especially geology, and spent what time he could spare from business in study and rambling along the streams, among the quarries, and in the forests in search of fossils and Indian relics, and in 1859 and '60 was president of the Agassiz Club, which had rooms on the fourth floor of the Will County Bank building. As the rooms were open to visitors, the club thought it would be the proper thing for a certain benevolent lumber merchant to contribute the lumber for shelving and cases, in which to place their collection of fossils and relics. The committee on lumber were very much astonished, when they made their application for the donation, to be indignantly refused on high religious grounds. He refused to contribute anything towards the advancement of a pretended science, which refutes the Bible history of the world. However, William Adam, the old Scotch Presbyterian lumber merchant, was more liberal in his

views, had no fears for the Bible, and generously gave the club all the lumber it wanted.

An aspiring young geologist, not a member of the club, had by some chance come into possession of a rare geological specimen, which was much coveted by two members of the club, but the owner refused to part with it without a valuable consideration. So these young men of genius pooled their knowledge of geology and chemistry and manufactured a much rarer specimen, placed it on the shelves, and, to cut a long story short, the embryo geologist cut his geological teeth by biting at the bait, and traded his genuine specimen for the artificial.

It was fortunate for the two leading spirits of the club that they could prove an alibi the night that straw man was hung from the top of the old Joliet Signal printing office building, next the club rooms, and dangled there on the morning of a certain Saint Patrick's day in March, 1859.

When the subject of this sketch was about

fourteen years of age, he painted and constructed a panorama about three hundred feet long, and exhibitions were given in a tent on the corner of Herkimer and Benton streets, under the firm name and style of W. C. Van Horne, Proprietor; H. C. Knowlton, Secretary and Treasurer; Henry E. Lowe, Business Manager.

One Sunday, this same William C. and Henry C. conspired to take a day off from church and Sabbath School, and go for a stroll down the canal tow-path to the Auxable aqueduct. On the return trip, the geologist of the expedition had the misfortune to lose his favorite twenty-cent geological straw hat in the water, and the swift slack water of the canal soon carried it beyond his reach. Some future geologists may marvel much at this "find" in the "drift" of the I. & M. Canal, and logically conclude, from the enormous size of the petrified crown and brim, that there were "giants in those days."

In 1857 he went into the office of the Michigan

Central Railroad Company at Joliet. At this time, the Cut-Off road had no telegraph line, but in 1861 a line was built and he became its first operator at Joliet. In 1864, he went to the Chicago, Alton & St. Louis station at Joliet, as ticket agent and operator,—remained there till about 1866, when he became train-dispatcher at Bloomington, then superintendent of telegraph, then assistant superintendent of the C., A. & St. L., with headquarters at East St. Louis, residing at Alton. He was then called to the North Missouri R. R. as superintendent, which position he held about two years. He was next appointed superintendent of the Southern Minnesota R. R. Co., with headquarters at La Crosse. He made a great success in the management of this road, which gave him a reputation as an executive officer of superior ability.

This was a road of about two hundred and twenty miles, and in the hands of bond-holders. They wanted a superintendent who could man-

age the road so as to pay a certain amount. He made it pay far in excess of what they required, or expected.

He was called back to the C., A. & St. L., as superintendent, with headquarters at Chicago. During this service with the C. & A., he had the general charge of the construction of its road from Louisiana to Kansas City, about two hundred and forty miles. He next received a tempting offer of the general superintendency of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, about the year 1880 or 1881, with headquarters at Milwaukee. He had acquired such a reputation as builder and manager of railroads in the United States that he was called into Canada to take charge of a long division of the Canadian Pacific, from Winnipeg west. His work on this five hundred mile division west of Winnipeg was of such a character as to attract the attention of the general officers of the Canadian Pacific, and resulted in his being placed in charge of the laying out

of the Canadian Pacific, west to the coast. At the completion of this road, he was elected vice president and general manager, and upon the declination of Lord Mount Stephen to act as president, he was elected president.

When he went to Canada, he was about the only, if not the only, American connected with the Canadian Pacific Co. He did not take men from the United States, but picked the best men he could get in Canada for their respective positions. Thus he was not troubled with race prejudice, jealousies and bickerings among the employes of the road. The entire equipment of the Canadian Pacific is the best that money can buy, and everything is of the finest.

The man in control of the Canadian Pacific Railroad must needs be a man of great political influence. A Knight would obviously have greater influence than a plain citizen, no matter what his ability. Two years ago he was Knighted by Queen Victoria, and now bears the

title of Sir William Cornelius Van Horne. He is by nature, education and experience calculated to carry his honors and dignity well. He has a commanding presence, self-acquired and practical education, inherited intuitive knowledge of men and affairs of business, indomitable will-power and energy, always master of himself and the situation, be it what it may; never at a loss for expedients or resources, either in the practical construction and operation of a railroad, or in councils of potential financial magnates.

An artist, by nature and special study, he has a thorough knowledge of Japanese art and literature, and his Montreal mansion is adorned with many grand and rare pictures.

His summer home in Novia Scotia bears the euphonious family name of Covenhoven. Although he has had little time for foreign travel, his position at the head of this great trans-continental railroad gives him an extensive business and social connection.

The old pioneer friends and neighbors of his father have watched with pride his successful and rapid ascent to the top round of the ladder of fame and prosperity, and the boys who knew him best in his boyhood days can all bear testimony that his early record is *sans tache*, and are glad to know that in his life the sunshine has followed the shadows of the toils and struggles of his fatherless boyhood.

Count Rumford?

Yes, Count Rumford—Benjamin Thompson, is legitimately entitled to a page in Cass Street Sketches, and Hon. John M. Thompson is the connecting link. The interesting information was incidentally elicited from the Major while he was partially under the influence of a narcotic, in the form of a fragrant Havana, that Benjamin Thompson—Count Rumford—was an ancestor of his, and thus, through the Count, the Thompson ancestry can be authentically traced back

beyond the Pilgrim Fathers to the time of William the Conqueror.

Readers of American history will remember that Benjamin Thompson was born in Woburn, Mass., March 26, 1753; that he taught in an academy in Rumford (now Concord), New Hampshire, in 1770, married a wealthy widow in 1772, and was commissioned a major of militia by the royal governor of New Hampshire. The jealousy of the older officers resulted in a charge of disaffection to the colonies; he was driven from his home and took refuge in Boston with General Gage, was subsequently tried at Woburn, not condemned but refused acquittal, and refused a commission in the Continental army. When Boston fell into the hands of the Patriots, it was he who carried the dispatch announcing the fact to England, where he was subsequently appointed Under Secretary of State.

In 1781 he returned to America, organized a regiment of dragoons, and received the com-

mand, with rank of lieutenant colonel. After the war he returned to England, obtained leave of absence to visit the continent of Europe, and, by permission of the English government, entered the service of the elector of Bavaria, who Knighted him. In 1784, he settled in Munich, and reorganized the entire military establishment. In 1790, he undertook to suppress beggary in Bavaria, which had become almost a legitimate profession. In this undertaking he was successful, and was also successful in establishing a military school, in the improvement of the breed of horses and horned cattle, and the conversion of an old hunting ground near Munich into a park. A monument in his honor was erected in this park by the grateful inhabitants. Thus, driven from his native land by the animosity and jealousy of his enemies, emoluments and honors were showered upon him in a foreign country. Successively raised to the rank of major-general in the army, member of the council

of state, lieutenant-general, commander-in-chief of the general staff, minister of war, and count of the holy Roman empire, on which occasion he chose as a title the name of Rumford, his American home. In 1795, he returned to England on a visit, and was robbed of a trunk containing all of his private papers, and his original notes and observations on philosophical and scientific subjects.

In 1796, when Bavaria was threatened by the war between France and Germany, he returned and was appointed head of the council of regency during the absence of the elector, and maintained the neutrality of Munich. Among the many honors conferred upon him for this service, he was appointed to the superintendency of the general police of the electorate.

Determining to return to England on account of his health, he was appointed minister to the court of Saint James, but refused recognition by England on account of the English doctrine of

inalienable allegiance. However, he remained in England, and was the main instrument in founding the royal institute. In 1799, he gave up his citizenship in Bavaria and settled in Paris. In 1804, he married the widow of Lavoisier, with whom he resided at the villa of Auteuil until his death, August 21, 1814.

He was a natural philosopher, devoted much of his life to scientific research, more especially to the subject of heat and light, and wrote valuable scientific books on the correlation of forces. He bequeathed a large sum of money to Harvard University for founding a professorship of physical and mathematical sciences.

Hon. John M. Thompson

In the study of a character, often that which seems phenomenal and unaccountable becomes perfectly plain and clear when the key is obtained and the mystery solved.

The key which most frequently solves the mystery of the characteristics of a character is heredity, or atavism—intermittent heredity, whereby traits of character may be traced back to a remote ancestry: for not only are the "sins of the fathers visited on the children even unto the third and fourth generation," but also the mentality and virtues. These traits and qualities may perhaps disappear for one or more generations and reappear in a marked manner in posterity.

A close observer, believing in the principle of heredity, although a stranger to Major Thompson, would not be long in forming the conclusion that he was not an ordinary man, and would be most likely to classify him among the dreamers and scholars. If this observer were also a believer in phrenology and physiognomy, he would be still further confirmed in his first impressions, and, as time and acquaintance ran on, and he was permitted to hear the Major recount in his graphic and easy manner the portents of his

life's history as he "ran them o'er even from his boyish days," those first impressions would be confirmed to a mathematical demonstration. Major Thompson was by birth an alien to the United States, for he was born at Yarmouth, Canada, which is politically, if not geographically, a foreign land. When nine years of age, he came with his father and the other members of the family to Winnebago County, Illinois. After completing his education, he began his business career as clerk in a store and postoffice at Roscoe, and next took charge of his brother Clark's business at Hokah, Minnesota, for three years, then began the study of law. He assisted in raising a company of volunteers in 1861, but the regiment was already full when their services were tendered. He then went into his brother Clark's office, who was superintendent of Indian affairs, with headquarters at St. Paul. It was part of his duties to assist in making the government payments to the Indians, and thus he had

an extensive acquaintance with the noble red man and many interesting experiences.

In October, 1861, he enrolled as a private in Co. K, Fourth Minnesota Infantry, and participated in ten of the hardest fought battles of the war; among them, Iuka, Corinth, Jackson and Champion Hills. In the last named battle he was shot through the left lung, very near the heart, reported mortally wounded by both Union and rebel officers, and left on the field; but his indomitable recuperative powers kept him alive and eventually restored him to health. He was kept in a rebel prison for six months and then exchanged. From the ranks he was promoted to first lieutenant of his company, then adjutant of the regiment; unanimously elected captain of Co. E. In 1863 he was promoted to be first major of cavalry and assigned to duty with the Second Minnesota. This regiment took part in the Indian war in the northwest, and he was appointed to the command of Fort Ripley.

That Major Thompson was popular in his old home is evident from the fact that while he was vibrating between Illinois and Minnesota he was elected to the State Legislature of Minnesota by a good majority, but the opposition raised the question of residence and proposed to contest his election. The Major did not care enough for the position to fight for it, and let his adversary take the seat. In the brief life of the lamented Greenback party, he received the nomination for secretary of state, by acclamation. That he is popular in his own county is manifest from the fact that in a Republican district he was nominated by acclamation in a Democratic convention and elected to the Illinois Legislature. That he is both a practical and theoretical farmer, a political economist, and commands the respect of the farmers of his own and other states, is a matter of record, and a record of which any man and his friends might well be proud. As a Granger, he is known across the continent. He was Master of the State

Grange for six years, and visited nearly every county in the state delivering addresses and promoting the interests of the association. That his labors were eminently successful is certain from the fact that the Grange was $1,700 in debt when he was first elected and had $3,000 in the treasury when he went out of office.

In 1887 he was elected trustee of the State Grange of Illinois and Patrons of Husbandry, and in 1889 re-elected to the same office as a mark of appreciation of the prosperity which the order was enjoying under the business management of himself and colleagues. At Springfield, in 1890, he was elected chairman of a conference of the four organizations: The Patrons of Husbandry, Farmers' Mutual Benefit Association, Farmers' Alliance and Knights of Labor, which formed a federation known as The Farmers' and Laborers' Conference, and Major Thompson was elected its first president.

As a representative from this state, he attended

the meetings of the National Grange at Washington, D. C., Topeka, Kan., Sacramento, Cal., Springfield, Ohio, and Syracuse, N. Y., and has frequently been called to other states to assist in organizing the order and delivering addresses.

To be a leader and instructor of the great mass of intelligent farmers composing these organizations, in matters of vital importance to their welfare and prosperity, a man must needs be capable and endowed with a genius for organization and generalship.

Thus it will be seen that the subject of this sketch, this scholarly dreamer, has had a goodly share in the active drama of life: business, war, politics, political economy and grangerism.

In the quiescence of a country mansion, amid environments of a mellow landscape, a broad domain of fields combed with plows, brushed with harrows, shaved with reapers, the Major, in peaceful prosperity, is enjoying an idyllic life at Cherry Hill, where the sunbeams filter through

the leaves and branches of grand old forest trees, and the graceful bending willows kiss the water lillies along the banks of old Hickory.

Silver Cross Hospital

"O, woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!"

Man in his normal condition, in the plenitude of physical and mental faculties with which he is endowed by his Creator, is a creature, self-reliant, proud of spirit, whose wisdom and indomitable will overmasters and overcomes most of nature's opposing forces. Nevertheless, "Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble." Disease, fell forerunner of decay and death, instantaneously or insidiously steals upon him, and he languishes helpless as an infant in

its nurse's arms; saying in his agony, in bitterness of spirit, All is vanity, much is folly, much is evil. The joys, pleasures, mirth, loves and hatreds; the ambitions of life, the delights of his eye, his possessions, his treasures, the joys of his heart, sink into insignificance and fade away when health gives up the ship to sickness.

Disease, accidents, come alike to all sorts and conditions of men; to the young and the old; to prince, pauper and peasant; the wise and the foolish. That which has happened, is constantly happening, and may at any hour of the day or night happen to any one of this poor race of men, who, to-day in the full flush of life and health, may to-morrow be cut down.

Is it not then the part of wisdom to provide for emergencies liable to occur and constantly occurring. When sickness comes and the shadows hover over, coming ever nearer, ever darker, until the curtained night seems coming down to close out the light of life, and the faltering feet

seem slipping into the valley of the shadow: high upon the hill, a prominent feature in the landscape, a prominent monument of the benevolence, altruistic nature and humanity of this people, stands Silver Cross Hospital! a haven of rest, its portals ever open for the pain-racked bodies, worried minds, work-worn hands, and weary feet of suffering humanity, with its corps of doctors and troop of nurses to help them back to health,—and hence to happiness. From the first inception of this humanitarian enterprise of practical philanthropy, it has been pre-eminently the work of women, and their zeal has never flagged or faltered.

At a meeting of a Circle of King's Daughters, in discussing the subject of benevolence for which they might work, the suggestion was made that they furnish a room in a hospital. This small seed, thus planted in the fertile soil of sympathetic hearts and active minds, grew into an offer of a donation of four acres of land to the

King's Sons and Daughters, on condition that within a limited time they should erect on the donated site a hospital costing not less than ten thousand dollars. It was the influence of one of the young ladies of this Circle that secured the land; the influence of another member of the same Circle which secured the generous ten thousand dollar donation; and it has been the work and influence of women which has secured many of the subscriptions to the building and maintenance fund of Silver Cross Hospital.

The first money raised for Silver Cross Hospital was earned by a little girls' Circle of King's Daughters dressing dolls with their own small fingers and selling them in the basement of the Central Presbyterian Church.

And ever since this youthful effort, the heads of ladies and girls have been busy planning ways and means to raise funds for hospital purposes, from holding their tongues under strong provocation to use them every evening for a

week (in the pantomime of Ben Hur), up to running the street railway, and down to selling newspapers on the street.

That which Harriet Martineau wrote in her autobiography over sixty-five years ago in relation to woman and her rights reads today like prophecy: "The best friends of the cause are the happy wives and mothers and the busy, cheerful, satisfied single women, who have no injuries of their own to avenge, and no painful vacuity or mortification to relieve. The best advocates are yet to come,—in the persons of women who are obtaining access to real social business,—the female physicians and other professors in America, the women of business and the female artists of France; and the hospital administrators, the nurses, the educators, and the substantially successful authors of our own country. * * * * Women, like men, can obtain whatever they show themselves fit for. Whatever woman proves herself able to do, society will be thankful

to see her do. If she is scientific, science will welcome her, as it has welcomed every woman so qualified. I believe no scientific woman complains of wrong."

Old Schools

On March 8th, 1853, the following ad. appeared in the Joliet Signal:

SCHOOL EXHIBITION

In reply to a call of Messrs. C. C. Van Horne, R. E. Barber, S. W. Bowen, Wm. Adam, V. H. Prentiss, Benj. Richardson, A. Cagwin, R. Doolittle, E. C. Fellows, F. L. Cagwin, J. T. McDougall, E. Harwood, T. Lenander, J. Wooley, Jr., James M. Haven, G. Rochel, Joel W. Northup, F. E. Barber and many others, relative to a repeated exhibition, after consulting my students, I, with them, cheerfully accede to the proposition, and appoint Friday evening, March 11, at the Court House, and respectfully offer the following programme:

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

Introduction.....Miss Robinson
Address.....Master Van Horne
Address.....Master Wilder

The Hard Name.

Willowbough.....Miss Tye
Smith.....Miss Eastman
Brown.....Miss Robinson
Vinegar.....Miss Robinson
Mr. White.....Rendall
Betty.....Miss Van Boskerk
Address.....Murphy
Address.....Miss Eastman
Address.....Elwood

Music by the Millspaugh Family.

PART II.

Double Rent, or the Gent in the Attic.

Printer.....Harrington
Mrs. Bouncer.....Miss Tyler
Hatter.....Elwood
Address.....Miss Ingham
Aunt Betty and her Niece (names omitted)

Music by the Millspaugh Family.

PART III.

Arnold's Treason—Original.

Arnold.....Murphy
Mrs. Arnold.....Miss Tyler
Andre.....Elwood
Greene.....Worthingham

Jamison .....McClure
Paulding .....Harrington
Van Wert.....Rendall
Williams.....Burnside
Executioner.....Whitemore
Soldiers in uniform.

PART IV.

Address .....Rendall
A Western Court Scene.
A Duel Down East in 1812.
A Fourth of July Celebration.
Address .....Kercheval
Address.....Rendall
Closing Address.....Miss Tyler

Single tickets, 15c; double tickets 25c.

The proceeds will be placed in the hands of a committee, who will distribute the same for charitable purposes. S. O. SIMONDS.

The Old Brick School House

[Joliet Signal, Tuesday, May 1, 1855:]

SCHOOL HOUSE DEDICATION.

The ceremonies of the dedication of the splendid school house in District No. 2 in this city took place on Friday last.

The day was propitious, and a multitude of our citizens attended the exercises.

THE OLD BRICK SCHOOL HOUSE

An appropriate dedicatory prayer was made by Rev. Josiah Gibson of the First Methodist Church of this city. An able address was delivered by Prof. Dorr, of Chicago, which was listened to by an attentive and approving audience. The audience was also addressed by Hon. G. D. A. Parks, of this city, in an eloquent and beautiful manner.

The singing and music by Messrs. Stillman, Munger and others was delightful, and displayed a correctness of execution seldom equalled.

The mechanics, Messrs. R. D. Brown & Co., are entitled to great credit for the skill displayed by them.

The citizens of this school district may justly feel proud of this monument to their enterprise and regard for education.

Prof. J. H. Hodges, a gentleman of learning and great experience, has been employed as superintendent. From our slight acquaintance with him, we believe he is just the man to take charge of the school, and that it cannot fail to prosper under his control.

He is assisted by Misses E. A. Wood, E. Duzenbury, S. Richards, Jane Kercheval, J. Runyon and Mrs. Glass, ladies of high reputation as accomplished and experienced teachers.

The school will be divided into three departments: the primary, the intermediate and high school department. The course of instruction in the latter will be the same as that in the best academies of the East.

Scholars will be received from abroad on reasonable terms.

Men may cavil at sentiment, and, for fear of "wearing their hearts upon their sleeves for daws to peck at," assume the cynic's air, yet, there is always something about the boyhood home, something about the boyhood school-house, which lures them back in later life to muse in reminiscent mood upon the past, with its host of half-forgotten recollections, hallowed by time and distance; the long ago, when youth, faith and hope cast a glamour over an ideal future, never to be realized; the time before they took Care for a companion and received misfortune and disappointments as frequent and unwelcome visitors. The road may have been up-hill all the way, the to-days, filled with regrets for the yesterdays and

gloomy forebodings of the to-morrows: times when they have felt the utter nothingness of everything but wretchedness.

About the year 1854, a three-story brick school building was erected on the present Eastern Avenue school grounds. It stood but a few feet from the south line of Cass street. This building was destroyed by fire Saturday, February 21, 1863.

During its life-time it furnished all the school privileges required for the city east of the river.

The Old Brick School House still lives in the memory of those who were summoned from refreshment to labor by the ringing of the school bell in the belfry.

The little Entered Apprentices came into the primary department on the ground floor, with their slates, pencils and primers for working tools, and their white aprons as badges of innocence and ignorance,—passed up the first flight of stairs to the Intermediate, where they rested for

a while in a sort of purgatory, until they were old enough and qualified to be raised to the sublime High School, in the third story; there to receive the necessary discipline and instruction and have unveiled to their receptive minds some of the most important truths of knowledge. In the High School were conferred the highest degrees of learning capable of being conferred in Joliet at that time.

Here each day fresh flowers bloomed in learning's fertile fields, whose lasting, subtle fragrance, retained in memory's halls, comes floating forth at call to soothe, sustain and cheer.

About the years '58, '59 and '60, Augustus G. S. Allis, from the East, was Grand Master in this temple of learning. As a "guide, philosopher and friend" for youth, he performed well the duties of his high office, and was by nature and education qualified to grace and adorn almost any position in life.

In the basement there was an old, hot air heat-

ing apparatus, which had been abandoned, as it was so constructed that it carried the heat up the chimneys and the smoke through the registers into the school rooms.

The furnace was sold for old iron and the proceeds applied toward fitting up a gymnasium, the first one in Joliet.

This made a fine kindergarten for aspiring young athletes, with the "Champion's Belt" for the prize.

Among the students at the fall term in 1858 were a number of boys from the country, who gave glowing descriptions of country sports, and especially coon hunting. This being the coon season, a party of about twenty-five was soon organized for a night's raid up Hickory Creek.

The most important requisite for coon hunting is a dog or dogs. Any old thing will do, as it is a well known fact that a dog that is good for nothing else often makes a first-class coon dog.

It was soon ascertained that one of the boys

owned an undivided half interest in a full-blooded mongrel, in whose composite nature it was imagined there might be lying dormant an inherent coon hunting propensity or faculty. This boy undertook to borrow the other undivided half from his brother. The pup had been acquired by the boys in a trade with old Steve Cleverly, a well known horse doctor.

This dog had inherited from some of his remote ancestors a propensity for fighting, but, unfortunately, he had but little real ability in that line; just enough to make him always ready to sail into a fight, and wade out in a damaged condition. His spirit was willing but his flesh was weak. To enable him to hold his own, in these little affairs of honor, his proprietors provided him with a throat and chest protector, in the form of a sharp-toothed brass collar. This proved a howling success. The other dogs howled when they tackled the pup with the barbed collar.

The night of the coon hunt, the dog imagined he had struck a trail, and led that band of "Innocents Abroad" right into a melon patch. The dog's heart was in the right place — he meant well, but it was an error in judgment. While the boys were trying to untangle themselves from the clinging vines, the dog went off to the farmer's house and woke up "Old Dog Tray, Blanche, Sweetheart, and all the little dogs." From the noise they made, it seemed as if there were enough of them to make a dog fence around a quarter section of land.

When that breathless band of coon hunters pulled themselves together in a scheduled spot in the timber about a mile away from the melon patch, every one answered at roll-call, including the dog. Not a man or dog had been lost or mislaid, but some of the melons had clung to the boys and joined in the retreat.

When the camp-fire was kindled and the ham and beefsteak broiling over the coals, vegetables

were roasting there too, which may have come from "Shaw's Gardens" (on Cass street—not St. Louis.)

Consternation fell on those midnight marauders, when that collarless dog loomed up in the glow of the fire-light for his share of the beefsteak.

"*We are lost*," the captain shouted. "That collar has the owner's name engraved on it."

Strong boys wept like girls. The veil is drawn over the painful scene in that camp-fire's red light and no music.

When the school-house was deserted on Saturdays and in summer vacations, one who knew the way could find a nice, quiet, breezy, shady place to spend a hot afternoon by raising a basement window, passing in, and up the two flights of stairs, thence up the belfry ladder and out upon the roof. It was a rare spot to sit with a magazine or novel and only cooing pigeons for companions. The broad amphitheatre of the

Hickory and Spring Creek Valley, with its mosaic of green fields of grass, corn, golden grain, and meandering lines of rippling streams, girt round about with green-walled hills, was a scene well planned to please the eye, and a fine setting for meditations.

To the right, the tall elevator, offices, round-house, transfer house and stock-yards, filled with lowing cattle, squealing hogs, and shouting stock-men, goading unwilling beasts through the shutes into stock cars.

Out on Cass street, the large and pleasant homes of Henry D. Higinbotham and Daniel C. Young, and across the street the cosy "Mills-Lowe-Cottage," with the well-worn foot-path leading back to the railroad, thence down to Scott street, and which might have led to the divorce court,—but it didn't.

Beyond, the high-fenced Fair Grounds and long white Horticultural Hall, soon turned into camp grounds, barracks and headquarters for

volunteers, who came at their country's call to join the 20th and 100th Regiments, and offer up their lives to save the Union.

At the foot of Ridgewood Hill, the large, gray, weather-beaten barn and white house of the old pioneer of 1830, Robert Stevens, one of the two first white settlers in Joliet township. Indistinct in the distance, at the foot of Forest Park Hill, the home of Luther Woodruff, where Simeon Woodruff spent his boyhood days in breaking colts and oxen, feeding the flocks and herds, mowing grass and cradling grain, then crossed the plains in '59 to cradle sand and dig for gold in California.

This panorama had, among its signs of life, farmers coming from the country with loads of hay, grain and wood; the slow, long procession on the way to Oakwood; a flock of boys soon to be transformed into undressed kids in "Blue Clay" swimming pool in Hickory Creek, with no fear of tramps stealing their dress suits; the

coming and going of trains on the railroads, and trains of hoosier wagons with emigrants, who came over the old Sauk trail from the East, and passed through the fertile lands of Illinois and Iowa, to join the ranks of Free Soilers and help hold at bay the "Border Ruffians" in "Bleeding Kansas," or pass on over the plains through "Death Valley" to the land of gold. These were some of the scenes in the days of peace, the days of calm, before the storm of war.

Samuel L. Worrell

Brilliant; with varied talents, Samuel L. Worrell, valedictorian of the Class of '60, seemed to have before him a life full of promise, and there was never a thought that he would be the first to pass away from the scenes of earth.

Although out of school, he had consented to sing at the closing exercises of the summer term. His selection was the beautiful, pathetic song of

Benjamin F. Taylor's, "The Isle of Long Ago." He practiced it once or twice at his home with one who was to sing with him, but failing health prevented his fulfilling the engagement. This was undoubtedly the last time his fine voice was ever heard in song on earth.

New and strange were the sensations of his comrades, who had scarce seen any of the shadows of life, as they watched in silence and sadness by his bedside through the summer and fall of the memorable presidential campaign before the war.

At the winter solstice, when the days were shortest and the nights longest, before the dawn of Christmas, his brief, bright term of life had closed. For him, time had ceased and eternity commenced.

Near forty years have come and gone and borne one by one of the students to the silent land, but they still hold a sanctuary in the hearts of their classmates who remain.

The worth and merit of many of the ladies belonging to the Old Brick School House, both teachers and scholars, far transcends the power of one poor pen to portray,—the responsibility is too great for one man to attempt to do it justice. The pleasant task should be divided between at least three most competent gentlemen: Edward P. Bailey, Henry C. Knowlton and William J. Adam. They could, if they would, produce many very interesting sketches entitled:

> Some lovely ladies we used to know,
> When we were school-boys,—not long ago.

The High School Literary Society

"Keep a thing; its use will come."

In the fall of 1858 a literary society was organized and did business for two or three years under the firm name and style of "The High School Literary Association," and the articles of copartnership were called "The Constitution and By-Laws."

Several years ago, during the upheaval of house-cleaning, the secretary's book was found in a badly mutilated condition, resembling a game rooster after a fight—badly scratched and many *tale* feathers missing. However, its strong *constitution*, by-laws, and some of its *members* were saved, and the remains were at once consigned to the custody of Misses Charlotte A. and Lucy H. Akin, who have carefully preserved them in lavender and rose leaves, and bound up in tissue paper.

The names found in this book formed the nucleus for a roll-call of over six hundred scholars, who answered "present," at the "Old Brick School House," in the long ago.

That the constitution and by-laws were not drafted by a lawyer, is evident from the fact that there is nothing said as to location—neither city, county, state or country, being named. If the book had been found away from home, by a stranger, he could not have told whether it

belonged in America, Australia or Africa. Gentlemen only, were eligible to the offices of president, vice president, treasurer and finance committee; ladies to the offices of secretary and critic; officers to be elected monthly; meetings every Friday evening; first and third meetings each month; the exercises to be conducted by ladies; second and fourth by gentlemen. Admission fees ten cents; monthly dues five cents; officers fined twenty-five cents for each neglect of duty; refusing to take part in exercises when appointed by the president, a fine of not less than twenty-five cents nor more than fifty cents; misbehavior or improper language, ten to twenty-five cents.

Order of exercises for ladies' night: Music, roll call, secretary's report, reading of "The Gleaner," music, criticism of oration and essay, report of committees, miscellaneous business, intermission, music, reading from select authors, ladies' orations, recital of poems, music, dia-

logues, essay, gentlemen's oration read by lady, critic's report.

Gentlemen's night: Music, roll call, secretary's report, reading of "The Gleaner," music, criticism on essay, criticism of oration, miscellaneous business, intermission, music, debate, music, essay, oration, critic's report, music.

Among the most frequent bills audited were those for camphene at ninety cents a gallon for lighting. This was before the advent of kerosene lamps.

Some of the debates were on the following questions:

Resolved, That the progress of a nation depends more on the morals of the people than on its natural resources.

Resolved, That it is better to be too credulous than too superstitious.

Motions for adjournments for a sociable were carried unanimously, and invitations to attend the exercises of the Young Men's Literary Asso-

ciation, a rival institution, were always gratefully accepted—especially by the ladies—for some of these literary young men were formidable rivals in a personal way. To show what those schoolboys had to contend against, it is only necessary to mention the names of a few of the prominent members of that more pretentious society which had a library and gave a lecture course with imported talent: "Gave" Elwood, "Doc." Woodruff, Arba Waterman, "Gust" Osgood, A. B. Thompson, Harlow N. Higinbotham, W. C. Goodhue, "Dick" Busted, Will Zarley, John Shaw, "Eg" White, Will Wagner, H. A. Sanger, "Hank" Elliott, Fred Bush, "Dick" Willis, "Pate" Smith, "Doc." Hand, "Doc." Casey, "Tom" Cagwin, "Doc." Salter, Otis Skinner, "Tom" Leddy, "Hank" Perrigo, E. B. Shaw, H. D. Stearns, U. Mack, "Ed." Bush, Lyman Munger, Elias Whited, Ethan Howard, "Jim" Farovid, Orr Woodruff, Frank Demmond, "Tom" Turner, John Dodge.

Many of these young men were interested in

either scholars or teachers, as the marriage license records of Will County show.

ROLL CALL.

(A)—"Absent" on earth—"Present" at roll call in heaven.

LADIES.

Charlotte A. Akin	Cynthia H. Bailey
Lucy H. Akin	Bertha Beam
Helen O. Aldrich	Rosa H. Beam
Helen A. Allen	Anna Beam (A)
Florence M. Allen	Clara Beam
Antoinette Austin (A)	Louise Bergen
Maria Austin	Voisa Brownson
Ella Austin	Isadore Brownson
Mary Allen	Mary Brownson
Hattie Adle	Nancy Bolton (A)
Kate Alpin	Fannie Bliss
Jennie Bush	Arvilla Bissell
Mary E. Brown	Mary Bissell
Amelia Brown	America Bissell
Georgiana Brown	Carrie Barker (A)
Eliza S. Briggs	Sarah Barker
Tinnie Briggs	Ella Bowman
Arlette Berry	Lizzie Birdsell
Sarah M. Bergen	Josephine Broadie

Louisa Broadie
Julia Blanchard
Miss Bettelyon
Frances Burr
Margaret Beattie
Mary E. Burke
Adelle Button
Amanda Benedict
Eliza Bowen
Mary Casseday
Rosa Cagwin
Alice Cagwin
Eunice Cagwin
Charlotte Cook
Libbie Cole
Louisa Cole
Arabella Crawford
Luella Crawford
Luella Culver
Alice Clement
Ella Congdon
Miss Carew
Carrie Chidsey
Chidsey
Kittie Crews
Mary Clark
Emma Clark
Miss Crossett
Marion Crosley (A)
Mary Carlin
Jennie Coon
Theresa C. Doolittle
Georgiana Doolittle
Jennie Davison
Rachael D. Davison
Mary Demmond
Paulina Duncan
Mary Duncan
Kittie Duncan
Julia Duncan (A)
Abbie Denton
Jennie Dalton (A)
Josie DeZeng
Miss Duffey
Alice Downey
Jennie Davis
Amanda E. Davis (A)
Martha Dewey
Sarah Duffield
Carrie Day
Bertha Day
Kittie Donnelly
Annette Earl
May Eldred
Julia Einstein
Charlotte Einstein

Martha Flack
Sarah Filer
Mary Filer
Puella Filer
Mary A. Fuller
Julia E. Fellows
Margaret Finegan
Maria Flaught
Lucy Fry
Flora Frost
Belle Flack
Anna Grinton (A)
Mary Grinton
Mary Graves
Mary Gookin
Euretta M. Green
Sophronia Glidden (A)
Eunice Goodspeed (A)
Gertrude D. Higinbotham (A)
Ellen Higinbotham (A)
Carrie Hatton
Hattie Hatton (A)
Alvira Hardy (A)
Amelia Hardy (A)
Juliet Hardy (A)
Mary Hardy
Althea Hawley
Hattie Hackley
Lottie Hackley
Agnes Hoyt
Julia Howard
Margaret Henderson
Jennie M. Heath
Helen Henry
Lulu Harwood
Cornelia Hill
Miss Holmes
Dealtia Hull
Ella Hill
Mary Harrington
Helen Harrington
Lydia Harrington
Emmeline Hill
Frank Hill
Sarah Hatch
Ella Hubbard
Cora Humphrey
Ida Humphrey
Rose Hammond
Ellen Hartigan
Maggie Hartigan
Alice Hawley
Eveline Hyke
Maria Hendricks
Laura Hubbard (A)

Mary Hubbard (A)
Anna Hyde
Mrs. Hill
Jane Hobbs
Helen Mills
Mary Ingraham
Frankie A. Jones
Alice Jones
Iola Jones (A)
Ida Jackson (A)
Clara Johnson
Jennie Kidd
Belle Kidd
Cossie Kidd
Mary King
Evaline King
Zadie Ketchum
Agnes Kirk
Margaret Kirk (A)
Julia Kirk
Ida Kendall
Ellen Kelsey
Hattie Little
Luella Little
Lottie Little
Addie Little
Olive Lawrence (A)
Kate Lowe,
Lucy Lawrence
Sarah Lufkins
Lucy Lufkins
Kittie Logan (A)
Lydia Lachman
Lucy A. Munger
Ella Munger
Addie Munger
Elizabeth Moore
Emily Massey (A)
Mary Massey (A)
Hattie Milliman
Jennie McGovney (A)
Louisa McGovney
Augusta McGinniss
Kate McGinniss
Addie McDougall
Minnie McDougall (A)
Augusta Metcalf
Louise McRoberts
Lizzie McRoberts (A)
Jennie Munroe
Mary E. Munroe
Kittie McMurtie (A)
Ella Mason (A)
Fannie Mason (A)
Ella Marsh

Jennie McMaster
Sarah McMaster
Fannie Munson
Jennie McArthur
Libbie McArthur
Leonora Mizener (A)
Helen Matthews (A)
Agnes Malcolm
Jessie Malcolm
Libbie Malcolm
Mary Ann McCowliff
Kate McCowliff (A)
Mary McIntyre
Kate S. Nicholson
Libbie Norton (A)
Jessie Norton
Virginia Osgood
Julia F. Osgood (A)
Emma Osgood
Helen M. Patrick
Ida Patrick
Hattie Perkins
Adelia Pratt
Ellen Phillips
Nancy Palmer
Martha Peck
Emma Prince
Mandana Prince
Martha Prince (A)
Hattie Prince
Kittie Parks (A)
Kate Periolat
Artemesia Pritchard
Cornelia Payfair
Emma Parks
Elizabeth Pickel
L. Peck
Mary E. Richards
Jennette Richards
Kittie C. Randall (A)
Carrie Randall
Belle Randall
Eliza Radcliff (A)
S. Anna Stevens (A)
Mary Adaline Stevens
Adelaide Stevens
Alice Richardson
Mary L. Storrs
Mary Sawyer
Ellen Sawyer
Kate Snoad
Anna M. Snoad
Addie Stoddard (A)
Permelia Stoddard
Belle St. Clair (A)
Lizzie Van Slyke

Sarah Stanley
Amelia Stanley (A)
Ella Shaw
Sarah Snapp
Elizabeth Snapp
Julia Sanford
Ella Sanford (A)
Addie Starbuck
Pluma Smith
Addie Simonds
Etta Simonds (A)
Shreffler
H. Scarrett
Irene Scarrett
Trippie Scarrett
Julia Stafford
Miss Sloan
Rosetta Simmonds
Mary Simmonds
Allie Stone
Pollie Schwabacker
Rose Snyder
Miss Snyder
Elmira Tonner (A)
Alice Tonner
Mary Thompson
Jane Taylor
Jennette A. Tullock
Avaline Tullock
Sarah Tanner
Susan Tighe
Melissa Van Auken (A)
Sarah Jane Van Auken (A)
Mary Ann Van Auken (A)
Eva Van Auken (A)
Mary Van Horne
Elizabeth Van Horne
Sarah Van Doozer
Marion Woodruff (A)
Mary Woodruff
Florence Woodruff
Catharine Webster
Charlotte Webster
Louise E. White
Mollie Woodruff
Kate E. Worthingham
Lydia Worthingham (A)
Addie M. Wade
Elinor M. Wheeler
Hattie Wheeler
Olivia Worrell
Sallie Worrell
Eva S. Weeks
Harriet A. Whited (A)

Charlotte Wheeler
Melvina Wheeler
Lillie Wheeler
Miss West
Agnes Williams
Cornelia Williams
Clara Wixom
Juliet Wells
Josie Young
Florence Young

GENTLEMEN.

John J. Akin
Edward C. Akin
Andrew R. Adam
William J. Adam
Frank E. Allen (A)
George Allen
Mortimer Allen
Franklin Amsden
Edward P. Bailey
Thaddeus Constantine S. Brown
R. Stewart Brown
Rufus Bolton (A)
Abel Bliss
Joslyn Blackman
Spencer Blackman
Samuel Bowen
Fred Barker
Carl Briggs
Frank Burr
Albert Bowen
Herbert Benedict
Henry Button
Charles Beam
Philip Brider
Charles Bowman
George Blanchard
John Bridge
Charles Bridge
Hamden A. Cagwin (A)
C. Gates Chapman (A)
Henry C. Chapman
Leroy F. Cagwin
Harry F. Cagwin
Abijah Cagwin
Oscar Cook
O. P. Curran
Henry A. Crawford
Michael J. Cavanagh
Hugh Carlin
Joseph Carlin
Arthur C. Clement
Nathan P. Collins (A)
Harry Crews

Munroe Clark (A)
Willis Casey (A)
Eugene Cady
Charles Casey
Timothy Connor
Michael Clabby
George Carew
Charles Cole
Congdon
James Clark
Carberry
Herbert W. De Loss (A)
Eben B. Doolittle (A)
George Doolittle (A)
Jesse Doolittle
Russell Dennis
Henry Dennis
George Dyer (A)
Daniel B. Dyer
George Denton
George Duncan
Edward Duffey
Alexander Duffey
William De Zeng
Peter Dewey
Willis Danforth
Edward Donahoe
Daniel Devine

Henry J. Dorre
Willis Davis
James G. Elwood
John W. Edmunds (A)
Fenner Eldred
Benjamin Einstein
Willis Emery
A. Allen Francis
Frederick Foster
George W. Flaught
Robert Fellows
James Finnerty
George M. Fish
Solomon Frost
Alvin Filer
Murmuth Ford
James Flaught
Richard Gardner
Henry Gardner
Samuel Gaton
Charles F. Gritzner
Augustus Gritzner (A)
William Grinton
Edward Grinton
Algernon S. Glass
Frederick Gookin
William Ganson
Harlow N. Higinbotham

Thomas H. Hutchins
John I. Heath (A)
William J. Heath (A)
George R. Hill (A)
Daniel C. Henderson
James E. Henderson
John D. Henderson
Augustus H. Howk (A)
John Preston Howk (A)
Frederick M. Howk
Rodney House
Martin Hawley
Perry J. Hobbs
James R. Hobbs
Sumner Harrington
Charles Higinbotham
George Hill
Thomas Hartigan
John Hatton
Reuben Hatton
Leroy Heath
Albert Heath
Daniel Hendricks
Thomas Hendricks
John Hendricks
Frank Hildebrant (A)
Jacob A. Henry, Jr.
Jacob Harwood
Samuel Hill
Hobbs
Joseph Hubbard
Thomas Hawley
Myron Holmes
Melford Hull
Adison Holmes
Walker Hill
James K. Ingersoll
Josiah Ingersoll
Albert S. Jones (A)
Alvin Joslyn
Frederick A. Jackson
Henry Jackson
Theodore Jackson
George Johnson
Howard M. Johnson
Henry C. Knowlton
Edward R. Knowlton (A)
John H. Kercheval
John T. Kidd
Neriah B. Kendall
William Kennedy
Frank Ketchum
Augustus F. Knox
Cadmus Kendall
William King
Seymour King

Clevins Kendall
Henry E. Lowe
James P. Lowe (A)
Augustus Larrieu
Lorenzo Larrieu
James Leddy
William Loomis
Charles Lawrence
Frank Lawrence
William Lemon
Henry Logan
Lufkins
Levi L. Metcalf (A)
Alvin A. McGovney (A)
Charles V. Marsh
William Marsh (A)
John McGinnis
Charles H. Millspaugh
Frank McRoberts
Joseph McRoberts
Henry Massey
John McCulloch
Simeon McCowliff (A)
Flake Mead
Major Mead
Melville Mead
John Malcolm
Lycurgus McCann
James H. Matthews
William McMaster
Bernard McNiff
F. Mason
Martin Norton
Algernon S. Osgood
Henry Osgood
Henry Oborn
John O'Neil
Henry R. Pohl
Leo Schaeffer
Major Stoddard
Harvey N. Stoddard
Romaine Stoddard
William Starbuck
Orange R. Smith
Stapleton
John W. Tighe
Paul Tanner (A)
Lisle Tanner
George Tullock
Berry Taylor
George Taylor
William C. Van Horne
Augustus C. Van Horne
Theodore Van Horne
Thomas Van Auken
Cassius Van Auken

Irvin Van Doozer
Frederick W. Woodruff
Henry T. Woodruff
Samuel L. Worrell (A)
Alvin Wilcox (A)
George H. Wade
John Wyatt
William Worthingham (A)
Jacob Worthingham
Schuyler Walker
Elias H. Whited
Charles Whited
Jesse Whited
Nelson Weed
John F. Wilson
Henry H. Warren
Robert White
Orange Wheeler
Eugene Wilder
Heman Webster (A)
George Washburne
Whiting
Webster (A)
Frank Young
George Young
Henry Williams
Charles Wells
Henry Wheeler
De Loss Williams
Charles Walker
Asa Wells
Lewis Williamson
Eugene Walker
Williamson
Harvey Wixom

TEACHERS.

James L. Hodges
Mr. Gibson
Augustus G. S. Allis
James A. Allis
P. C. Royce
James Johonnott
Sarah N. Curtis
Miss Moore
Sarah Doosenberry
Mary E. Gooding
Eliza S. McGinnis
Maria B. Craig
Anna C. Craig
Jennie R. Combs
Miss Meigs
Miss Rice
Adele Jennings
Ellen M. Williams

Julia Runyon	Sarah Richards
Miss Ayer	Emily Goodspeed
Mrs. Glass (A)	Carrie J. McArthur
Abbie A. Denton	Mary C. Chamberlin
S. Anna Stevens (A)	M. Sophia Sawyer
Theresa C. Doolittle	Bertha L. Beam
Sophronia Ketchum	Julia Patterson
Mary Donnell	Anna M. Snoad
Jane Kercheval	Lucy Chase

[Joliet Signal, February 24, 1863.]

FIRE—HEAVY LOSS.

The large brick school house, situated in the second district of this city, was burned on last Saturday (February 21, '63).

Smoke was discovered issuing from the east end of the edifice about 11 o'clock in the forenoon and the alarm was immediately given, but before any one could reach the spot the flames burst through the roof, and soon the whole top of the building was a sheet of fire. The fire department was on hand in due time, but the fire had made such progress that it was impossible to check it, though the engine continued to play upon the burning structure for hours.

There had been no fire in the building that day, and hence it is supposed it must have

caught from the fires of the day before and burned until that time before bursting out. The loss to the city cannot fall short of $20,000. Insured for $3,500.

Nelson D. Elwood
James G. Elwood
W. A. Steel

> "To what base uses may we come at last!
> Imperial Cæsar, dead, and turned to clay,
> Might stop a hole to turn the wind away."

For many years, Hon. N. D. Elwood lived on the corner of Cass and Scott streets. Here, there were wont to gather many of the political and financial magnates of the old regime, in the palmy days of the Illinois and Michigan Canal—in the early days of Joliet and the Chicago and Rock Island and Cut-Off railroads; when railroad directors, canal and penitentiary commissioners and contractors, banqueted on choice viands and discussed the inside facts of current topics in the

odor of the fragrant Havana, to the accompaniment, perchance, of popping "green seal corks."

It is no marvel that, with such early surroundings, James G. Elwood inherited and developed rare social qualities, fine talent as a presiding officer and parliamentarian, and, as a post prandial speaker, is the Chauncey M. Depew of Joliet. "Where MacGregor sits is the head of the table." At the present time, Joliet has two "Little Giants" at Springfield: Hon. George H. Munroe in the Senate; Hon. James G. Elwood in the lobby: both worthy and well qualified, duly and truly prepared for the arduous task of protecting the interests of the city and its citizens in the river road.

The old homestead was for some years owned and occupied by Hon. W. A. Steel, for four terms the talented, genial and popular mayor of the city. His annual receptions are well remembered by Joliet's "four hundred," as brilliant social events.

But, alas, how all has changed! Where once unbounded hospitality reigned, and delicate, delicious deserts were served, may now be heard the waiters' call of "draw one" and "make it two," for the old home has degenerated into a common tavern or boarding house.

Not least among the claims of this old house for consideration and respect is the fact that it has seen better days and that it has been the home of three popular mayors: Nelson D. Elwood, William A. Steel and James G. Elwood; this being the only instance where a father and son have been mayors of the city of Joliet.

First Hospital

The old stone house next south was Joliet's first hospital. On the night of November 1, 1854, a horrible accident occurred on the Chicago and Rock Island railroad. A passenger train struck a horse, which threw the engine down the em-

bankment and two passenger cars on top of it. Escaping steam poured into the cars, scalding over sixty passengers, twelve of whom died immediately.

It was a pitiful sight to see those scalded people when they were brought to town in the morning and removed to this hastily improvised hospital.

The citizens volunteered their services, and everything was done which could be done to alleviate their sufferings. Four more died and many were horribly scarred for life.

As a mark of appreciation of her valuable services as nurse, Mrs. O. F. Rodgers secured from the officers of the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad Company a life pass over their road.

Hon. Jesse O. Norton

The fact that this book will be published on the corner for so many years the home of Hon. Jesse O. Norton, brings this once prominent citi-

zen and model Christian gentleman vividly to mind.

Born in Bennington, Vermont, a graduate of Williams College, he began life as a teacher, first at Wheeling, Penn., then in Missouri. He came to Joliet among the pioneers of 1839. His ability, integrity, courteous ways and winning manners, soon made him a most popular citizen, and he made rapid progress socially, professionally and politically. He was elected County Judge in 1846, re-elected in 1848, elected delegate to the Constitutional Convention in 1848, sent to the State Legislature in 1852, re-elected in 1854, elected Circuit Judge in 1857, sent to Congress again in 1862 to help preserve the Union in dark rebellion days. In 1866 he was appointed District Attorney for the Northern District of Illinois, removed to Chicago, and was lost to Joliet until August, 1875, when all that was mortal was interred at Oakwood.

Hon. William S. Brooks

Hon. William S. Brooks became the owner of the Norton homestead and occupied it until the demand for this corner for business purposes tempted him to part with it. Mr. Brooks, was for many years a most prominent figure in Joliet's business, social and political life, held many positions of responsibility, honor and trust, and in all acquitted himself with ability and integrity. At the time of his decease he was president of the Will County National Bank.

Dr. Alfred Nash

Centrally and conveniently located on Cass street is the combination office and home of Dr. Alfred Nash.

Although not one of the old settlers, he is well known and popular, a typical family physician, one of the grand army of men, whose noble mission in the world is to come at call to cure the

cause or alleviate the suffering of frail humanity. Men who must need have philosophic minds and strong constitutions to stand the strain, the wear and tear imposed upon them both day and night.

John D. Paige

John D. Paige—but that's another story, from Renaissance up to date—the reformation of the fire department; the taming and training of the police force; innovations; fire alarm and patrol wagon—enough for a book.

George Woodruff

Sudden death came and claimed George Woodruff, the business man's friend, one afternoon near the close of October in 1882, and it brought sadness to the city, for he was a man among men, beloved and respected by all who knew him.

He was born at Watertown, N. Y., December 12, 1812, and came to Joliet in 1836; engaged in

farming and merchandizing until 1852, when he built a warehouse on the basin near the corner of Cass and Desplaines streets, where he bought grain until 1864.

The Joliet Bank was established about 1857 by Mr. Woodruff, Francis L. Cagwin, and others. In 1864, the First National Bank was organized, with Mr. Woodruff, president, and his son, Frederick W. Woodruff, cashier.

He had lived on the corner of Cass and Ottawa streets for many years, but was permitted to enjoy his beautiful new house on the old site but for a short time, when, by an unfortunate accident at the Joliet elevator, his useful life was brought to an untimely end.

The old homestead is now the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. Fred Wilcox, and the First National Bank is practically under the entire control of his son, Frederick W. Woodruff, its president, who seems to have inherited his father's financial ability.

As president of the bank, Mr. Woodruff was always at his post during business hours, respectful, courteous and considerate alike to depositor or borrower, and to the young business man he was as a financial father, to whom they could go for counsel and help.

With his good common sense, experience and intuitive knowledge of business and men, he seldom made a financial mistake; himself never hurried or worried, he never hurried or worried others.

Always clear-headed and frank, there was a wholesomeness and heartiness about Mr. Woodruff which made men glad to take him by the hand.

On the sunny side of Oakwood, where the sun's rays and the moonbeams glisten on the evergreen and granite, a monument is erected in memoriam of George Woodruff.

It seems a coincidence and preserving of the unities that this should be near and face a great

commercial monument, in the founding of which he took a leading part, and the last sad scene of his busy life. Day and night the ceaseless rumbling of wheels and busy buckets breaks upon the stillness of the silent city, murmuring requiems for the departed.

Edward Akin

There is a quaint old brick house on the northwest corner of Cass and Ottawa streets, which has seen better days, for it was once the home of Edward Akin, a well-remembered, popular old citizen, the proprietor of Akin's Addition, or Brooklyn, as it is generally called.

Mr. Akin was a man of strong individuality, energetic, generous and social in his nature. He had no such word as "can't" in his vocabulary. Obstacles never discouraged, but stimulated him.

At one time the church, of which he was one of the trustees, had quite a large indebtedness, and at a trustees' meeting to consider the matter,

when a discouraged brother remarked, "We can't raise that much money in these hard times," he said, in his quick, impulsive way: "Can't raise it; D—— it, we've got to raise it." And they did raise it.

It was in this old home that John J. Akin and Edward C. Akin lived when they were schoolboys, and were warned of breakfast time, school time and bed time by the old heirloom clock.

This was also the home of Dr. Elvis Harwood, for many years a leading physician and mayor of the city in 1868-9.

Thus this house has been the home of two popular mayors and an attorney general of the State of Illinois.

Saint Mary's Convent

The grand convent on one corner of Cass and Ottawa streets, and the elegant Methodist parsonage on another, suggest the thought that Ottawa street is pre-eminently the church street

of Joliet. It has a Lutheran, a Methodist, a Presbyterian, two Catholic Churches and a convent, which, if not to be classed as a church, is certainly a sister to the church. There are also three parsonages, a Christian Science lecture room and a parochial school on this street.

Saturday Night on Chicago Street

On this busy street, on Saturday night,
When the sun has set and the electric light,
Attempts the duty, in a limited way,
To shine in the place of the bright God of day;
And to the looker-on most distinctly shows
That the people are out in their Sunday clothes.
For its mostly working people you meet,
On Saturday night, on Chicago street,
How well the workingmen look and behave,
When they've taken a bath and had a shave.
Then, too, the young ladies, in nervous haste,
Put on their best hat and a fresh shirtwaist.
Demure as they look, they expect to meet
Many gallant men on Chicago street.
And on Saturday night the women appear,
Who add to the census a baby a year;
Buying dry goods, groceries, bread and meat;
Trying boots and shoes on the children's feet;
Buying provisions for the Sunday feast,
From a roast of beef to a cake of yeast.
Every saint and every sinner
Always delights in a Sunday dinner.

Buying something nice for the girls to wear,
A bright red ribbon to tie up their hair.
On the Sabbath people are doubly blessed
By being well fed and feeling well dressed.
Any thing you want to wear, smoke, drink or eat,
Can be had for a price on Chicago street.
The butchers and bakers and dry goods stores
As long as there is trade keep open doors.
Strolling about in an indolent way,
One cannot help hearing what people say.
Passing up and down, in leisurely walk,
One hears parts of very amusing talk,
A part of a sentence, part of a word,
The rest of the story cannot be heard.
When they meet with their friends and wish to talk;
Form a ring, shake hands and block up the walk.
The drummers swarm around the hotel,
And each has a sample story to tell.
Then loud above all the racket and hum
Is heard the noise of the banjo and drum,
And above all the rest is heard the ringing
Voices of the Salvation soldiers singing:
For in this free street to each one we accord
His own way of singing, and serving the Lord.

Now comes the man who has been blowing in
His hard-earned wages for whisky or gin.
If amusement you want and are not over nice,
There is a vaudeville show at a low-down price.
Hear the loud clanging of the hoodlum gong,
Clearing the way through the scattering throng,
Up the street, to the north, away they go,
For the devil's to pay at "Whisky Row."
The policeman comes and rattles the doors
To make sure the clerks have locked up the stores.
And now take notice how some men behave
When they meet on the street a *nymph du pave.*
Some men have a smile, and some have a frown,
When passing by a woman of the town.
Later, when the street is as clear as a farm,
The department responds to the fire alarm,
Men and horses must test their endurance,
To get to the fire and save the insurance.
The rest of the night it's a deserted street,
No one to be seen but the "cop" on his beat.

Western Avenue

As it is proposed to claim everything in sight for the honor and glory of Cass street, it is claimed that Western Avenue is, in fact, if not in name, West Cass street. Had it not been for the unfortunate rivalry and jealousy between the east and west sides of the river in early days, the street would undoubtedly have borne one name from east to west.

James B. Campbell platted the original town or village under the name of his daughter, Juliet, and named one of the streets Cass. Dr. A. W. Bowen carried the street and name through his two subdivisions, East Joliet and Bowen's Addition to Joliet; Francis L. Cagwin and Daniel C. Young continued it through their subdivision to the east city limits.

Martin H. Demmond, the proprietor of West Juliet, named his street, running from the west end of Cass, Cross street, and some years ago

the City Council changed the name to Western Avenue.

Horatio N. Marsh

Neither envy nor malice have ever had the impudence to say a word derogatory to the character of Horatio N. Marsh, one of the two remaining veteran editors of Joliet, except such little editorial courtesies as Cal. Zarley may have bestowed on him in the heat of a political contest. It is somewhat amusing to those who know Mr. Marsh, to read the editorials of the adversary about the malignant disposition of this amiable gentleman, for having insinuated that the *Signal* editors did not write all of their political editorials.

Mr Marsh was born in Franklin County, Mass., November 15, 1812, consequently the war of 1812 is one of the first important events which he does not remember, for, although he is now over three score and ten, he does remember about everything which has happened scince he was old enough to sit up and notice things. In 1835 he concluded to follow the apparent daily course of

the sun, and came to Joliet. At this time General Jackson was reigning at Washington and Governer Joseph Duncan at Vandalia, then the capitol of Illinois. Will County was a part of Cook County, and the county seat at Chicago. Upon the organization of Will County in 1836, Mr. Marsh was elected school commissioner, and presumably wrote with a quill pen, used the sand-box instead of blotting paper, folded his letters and sealed them with wafer or sealing wax, and mailed them without envelopes; paid postage up to May 6, 1847, the date of the first issue of postage stamps in the United States, as follows: Single letters, thirty miles, six and a half cents; thirty to eighty miles, ten cents; eighty to one-hundred and fifty miles, twelve and one-half cents; one hundred and fifty to four hundred miles, eighteen and three-quarter cents; over four hundred miles, twenty-five cents; California letters, forty cents.

The Cook County commissioner had sold Joliet's school section and become bankrupt, thus Joliet

received three or four thousand dollars for the entire school section, instead of thirty-five or forty thousand dollars.

Dr. A. W. Bowen and Mr. Marsh were two of the first school directors of Joliet.

By education and inclination a literary man, Mr. Marsh became ambitious to enter the field of journalism, and in 1847 bought the *True Democrat* of Alexander McIntosh.

Although not on earth in time for the War of 1812; not in Illinois in time for the famous Black Hawk War; not an editor at the time of the Mormon War, he was, as editor of the *True Democrat*, in a position to take a lively interest in the closing exercises of the Mexican War, and sum up the results of a war which began with the battle of Palo Alto, May 8, 1846, and ended when the stars and stripes floated above the national palace of Mexico, September 14, 1847—at a cost to the United States of 25,000 lives, directly and indirectly; $165,000,000; the gain of a territory

seven hundred miles north and south by nine hundred miles east and west—enough for fifteen good-sized states.

There was abundance of work for an editor during the five years Mr. Marsh edited the *True Democrat*. He had Whig editorials to write in the campaign which resulted in placing Zachary Taylor, the Whig candidate, in the presidential chair. The gold fever raged in all its fury from the discovery of gold at Captain Sutter's mill in 1848; the opening of the Illinois and Michigan canal; the great slavery contest was coming on; cholera was raging in Januury, 1849; Louis Napoleon was elected president of the French Republic.

It sometimes took ten or twelve days to get mail from Springfield in those days.

In 1852, Mr. Marsh sold the *True Democrat* back to Alexander McIntosh, and took the position of agent of the Chicago and Rock Island railroad at Joliet. He sold the first tickets, and receipted freight bills in the southwest corner room of the

old court house. He was also the first express agent here, and as there was no safe, carried the railroad tickets and valuable express packages, stumptail and wild-cat currency, home with him at night, and sometimes slept soundly with as high as $30,000 under his pillow. In 1850, as assistant United States marshal, he took the census of Will County, and was postmaster of Joliet from 1864 to 1867, and has served several terms in the city council.

Old Fort Nonsense stood on the site of Mr. Marsh's home. This was a stockade fort, built of upright logs set in the ground, and about eighteen feet high.

From the time he first saw this commanding position, Mr. Marsh set his heart on it as his choice of a location for a home, and, as soon as he could do so, bought the lot, and in the summer of 1854 built the house, in which he has resided until recently.

Hon. Royal E. Barber

Most of the pioneers of the 30's have passed away or gone out of active life, and not one has kept up with the procession and in touch with the new generation as faithfully as Royal E. Barber. He is as full of life and interest in everything pertaining to the welfare of the community as ever, and at the front with the young men of the city, representing the interests and contending for the rights of Joliet in the great drainage channel contest with Chicago. Still living on the well known corner where he planted his roof-tree over half a century ago, but now in an elegant home, solid and substantial enough for all the years that may come to him, and for future generations.

His is a part and parcel of the history of this community.

His many friends rejoice with him that he has been permitted to visit the Holy Land, the

geography and history of which he has studied a life-time. At last, he has trod the streets of Jerusalem, walked in the Garden of Gethsemane, stood on Calvary, crossed the Jordan, and sailed on the Sea of Galilee. But in all his wanderings in Bible lands, the pilgrim found no guide who could take him to the Garden of Eden and show the spot where

> "Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
> Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
> Brought death into the world, and all our woe."

As his eyes beheld the lands and scenes of sacred history, it must have been to him the fruition of fervant hopes, the realization of delightful dreams.

Harry F. Cagwin

Harry F. Cagwin, with his usual inclination to take things easy and enjoy life as he goes along, has climbed but half way up and fastened his pretty Swiss cottage on the hillside; content to let such ambitious and adventurous spirits as G. M. Campbell, W. G. Wilcox, U. Mack, Thos. H. Hutchins and C. B. Hayward pass by him, to go for the "room at the top" and brave the wild western winds. He knows that although an east wind may blow steady and strong, one can place confidence in it and sleep while it sighs and moans around the gables and angles, for it never attempts anything in the hurricane or tornado line.

Francis L. Cagwin

Harry Cagwin is so well known that it is hardly necessary to state that he is the son of Francis L. Cagwin, one of the old colony of business

men, and one whose name appears frequently in old real estate records, banking and business transactions. Social and friendly by nature, he never flocked alone, but always had comrades about him. That he was fair and square in dealing, is well evidenced by his record of membership in partnerships, syndicates and corporations.

Hopkins Rowell

Up to this point, there has been no opportunity to connect the name of Hopkins Rowell, a pioneer of '34, with this street. We find him well represented at last in the person of his son, Nat J. Rowell, and one can but regret that he, who had such confidence in the future greatness of Joliet, and was so enthusiastic in his admiration of its surroundings, could not have lived to enjoy the grand view from the home of his son.

A part of this house was built many years ago by Joseph Campbell, its original owner, and afterwards became the house of William A. Strong, who enlarged the home and platted the farm into Glenwood, one of Joliet's beauty spots.

William G. Wilcox

At first sight, it would seem as if there were no traces of old pioneers on Western avenue, but some of the sons of pioneers have fine homes here, and Edmund Wilcox is ably represented by his son, William G. Wilcox, one of the first to discover the desirability of this avenue for homes, beyond the brow of the second bluff.

Edmund Wilcox

Edmund Wilcox was a graduate of Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y., and came to Joliet when about twenty years of age. College graduates were not plentiful in the west in those days, and Mr. Wilcox, by his ability and education, very soon came to the front, took and held a leading position in the community during his life-time.

He was a west side merchant, contemporay with Martin H. Demmond, Charles Clement,

George H. Woodruff, William A. Strong, Sr., Col. John Curry, Firman Mack, Francis Nicholson, P. A. and O. H. Haven, Horatio N. Marsh, William Adams, William C. Wood, Thomas Kinney, Micajah Adams, Deacon Josiah Beaumont, Timothy Kelley, H. D. Risley, Colonel William Smith, Joel George, Patrick O'Connor, Eugene Daly, the Brown brothers, most of whom did business on Bluff street, and lived on Broadway and Hickory streets, passing up and down the steep Exchange street hill together, in the middle of the road, before the day of either canal, railroad or telegraph, before East Juliet and West Juliet were married by legislative act and assumed the corporate or family name of Joliet. This union has been much blessed with offspring, until the original Old Town of Joliet is surrounded and supported by its children,—its additions, suburbs and subdivisions.

To the old-time citizen, it seems lonesome on those west side streets now,—so few of the pio-

neers remain; so many have passed from the rugged streets of earth to the pleasant paths of paradise,—happy habitants of the stars!

For many years, Royal E. Barber was the only prominent resident lawyer west of the river, then Thomas H. Hutchins was adimtted to share the honors and the fees; D. H. Pinney broke into the ranks for a few years before he went away to become Judge Pinney.

The west side never had the honor of a resident judge until the advent of Hon. Charles B. Garnsey. It now seems to be a favorite location for lawyers, and a number of the most brilliant members of the Will County Bar are elegantly housed on and near Western Avenue.

Jerome P. Stevens

Jerome P. Stevens, familiarly known as "Romey" around the Spring Creek neighborhood, where he was raised, has come back from Chicago, selected a choice lot on Western Avenue, and is erecting a fine, large, Chicago style residence. He is acting as his own superintendent, and will undoubtedly get the worth of his money and have a thoroughly well-built house. This genial young man has in his make-up the unusual but happy faculties of making friends and making money wherever he goes, and will make a desirable acquisition to the Western Avenue colony of progressive and enterprising young men.

He had come to be considered, by the ladies, as a confirmed bachelor, when he surprised his friends by quitting his "wild oat" farming and marrying. It may be said, in passing, that he ruined one of his finest horses in making those frequent long drives to Mokena while matrimonial negotiations were pending.

Charles H. Talcott

Charles H. Talcott, a prominent resident of Western Avenue, presents the anomaly of a man with exceptionally good business qualifications and fine musical talent.

An ability to manage successfully the large business of the Will County National Bank during business hours, sing half the night, and lead and control one of those proverbially unruly combinations, a church choir, on Sundays.

He is equally at home with commercial or musical notes.

Mr. Talcott is most fortunate in his helpmate, a lady of optimistic temperament and altruistic tendency, who is, if not unequalled, certainly unsurpassed in capacity and disposition for charitable and society enterprises, for what she undertakes to do she does with all her might, and thus deserves especial mention for her enterprise, activity and vim.

"She hath done what she could."

Rev. Doctor Lewis

Discussing the navy question in Congress some years ago, a member made the statement that "the United States had one of the first and great requisites for a magnificent navy—plenty of water." And thus it may be said, without fear of contradiction, that Doctor Lewis has, at the end of Western Avenue, the first requisite for a fine suburban home—a fine piece of land. There is, however, one drawback, for if he should erect a home here it might prove a *ne plus ultra* to the extension of the avenue to the town line or the Dupage river, which it will undoubtedly reach in a few years at its present rate of growth.

George M. Campbell

Erected on one of the highest elevations of the second bluff, substantial, elegant, commodious and complete in all of its appointments, the home of George M. Campbell is unsurpassed by any dwelling in the city. Perfect as it is for all practical purposes of home comfort, it has, from its commanding position, fine possibilities for an observatory.

Surmounted by a crystal dome, there would be an eyrie in which the owner, as a dreamer, might dream; as a visionary see visions; as a meteorologist view aerial phenomena in varied forms; as an astronomer, with telescope, take strolls among the stars. See

"Gray-eyed morn smile on the frowning night,
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light."

Behold the sun, from the time its first rays salute the mansions' Eastern cheek and throw the shadow to the West, until its last ruddy rays

press lingering kisses on the Western cheek and cast the long shadow to the East.

"Shadows prove the presence of the sun."

Here, feel each breeze that blows from each compass point; the Nor'easter coming, perchance, from Greenland's glacial mountains by way of Labrador, doubly chilled with mists and fogs, or laden with sleet and snow, moaning, groaning and sighing around the angles, arches and gables. The great Northwest; the storm-king's home; where blizzards and icy blasts are born; next, the glorious West; the sunset's home; and yet from whence at times arise portentous black storm clouds, surcharged with wind, rain, lurid lightning and earth-shaking peals of thunder; then the burst of sunshine following the tempest, painting the radiant rainbow on the blue-black back-ground of the receding storm. The South-west; the point from which tornadoes start on their tortuous trips of terror, when two air-cur-

rents dispute the right of way, clasp for a waltz, the centrifugal, centripetal, ascending and descending spiral motion creating vacuums and vortices, and with diabolical energy dance a dance of death and destruction; again, the terrible grandeur of the nocturnal tempest—the oncoming aerial tidal wave with zigzag lightning stabbing the black abyss and lighting the pathway of the storm.

Here in contemplative mood look backwards down the aisles of ages, through the distant vistas marked out by monuments, illuminated with lamps left burning by departed giants of genius, philosophers and scientific sages.

Viewing the varied landscape from this eyrie on the hill, one cannot help thinking of the world's pre-historic history, which is partly written in the rocks, for the science of paleontology reconstructs a vanished fauna and flora from fossilized remains; finds a pre-glacial man beneath glacial moraines and drift.

Recently, in tunnelling under Lake Michigan the bed of an ancient river was found whose waters flowed down this valley before the Lake was there—before the glaciers came and planed the tops of these limestone quarries and left striated surfaces to evidence the fact; left gravel, sand, clay banks and boulders brought from regions farther North.

Wondering whether those eighty-foot sea serpents ever swam over this valley in the unsettled condition of the country, before the geography and topography of the world was firmly fixed and the waters found a level and settled down to stay there. Wondering whether the mastodon ever browsed upon the branches, grazed upon the prairies, quenched his thirst in the great river which flowed between these hills.

Ponder on the problem of when and how the red man came here; by evolution or emigration from the cradle of the human race; was it by fabled Atlantis and the connecting link of the

continents before the great cataclysm buried the roadway beneath the water, or via Greenland before it was an island,—tropical, and not an iceland.

Albert J. Bates

Since writing the foregoing sketch this elegant home, the pride of the West Side, has changed ownership; and Albert J. Bates, a man of genius, and one of Joliet's self-made men, has become its proprietor and has joined the Western Avenue settlement.

Stars

As the eyes stroll among the stars, thoughts, by other thoughts begotten, are marshalled in the mind, and the wondering and the longing to know what, and why they are, makes the wish a father to the thought, that in good time we shall go to see and know them all. In what form we cannot tell; we do not know.

At a recent ministers' meeting in Chicago, a young Doctor of Divinity attempted in a tentative manner to elucidate what the Tribune was pleased to call a "New Theory of Heaven." It would seem as if anything about heaven would be new to the interviewer who wrote that report. He was evidently more accustomed to the requirements of filling space in newspaper columns than in contemplating interstellar space. He must have drawn upon his imagination for the words he put into the mouths of the ministers whose comments he purports to give. It is hardly credible that

they could have made such vapid statements as are credited to them.

The report, with its cartoons, is a burlesque, and manifestly does the Doctor injustice, for it makes him appear like one, who, finding an angel chiseled in marble by some master-hand would fain claim it as his own, and improve upon the original inspiration by draping it in frills and furbelows, and adorning it with gems and garlands. Certainly, no one would claim to be the originator and proprietor of a speculative belief, the central idea of which is as old as the intellegence of mankind.

For ages, countless, watching, wondering eyes have gazed at those bright gems in far-off skies, and to many practical minds there has come a hope, a belief, that, after death, their disembodied souls might pass as swift as thought, from time to time, from world to world, and learn something of the meaning, something of the aim and object of the Great Creator's plan; and be an inhabitant of those mansions in the skies.

A belief in a theory of such magnificent possibilities must come almost by intuition, or never come at all. It is belittled and befogged by amplifications and realistic analogies with the things we know.

At the close of the nineteenth century there is no inquisition—no diabolical monster to fasten its cruel fangs upon heretical thought or teaching.

Gallileo believed and began to teach the Copernican theory—the sun the center of the solar system. Ptolemy had taught that the earth was the center of the universe. Gallileo was throttled by the inquisition; forbidden ever again to teach the stability of the sun, the motion of the earth; and in sackcloth and ashes, on his bended knees, to swear upon the Book that it was not true; that he detested, abhorred, and abjured the heresy, and would never more teach it.

It was admitted by his enemies that it might be scientifically correct, but it was religious heresy.

As a speculative belief, which, in its very nature, cannot be supported by human evidence or human reasoning: the belief that other worlds—the countless stars—may be the destiny of souls from this and other worlds, analagous to this, is full and rich in its rationality; full and rich in its possibilities, and alluring in its hope.

It removes from the mind the dread of death, the dread of annihilation, and fills it with beatific visions of the beauty and grandeur of eternity.

It neither controverts nor conflicts with the teaching of him, on whose cradle the Star of Bethlehem left its orbit to come and shine.

It must be admitted by the most obdurate that this theory presents a more hopeful, alluring outlook for eternity to a healthy, practical, unprejudiced mind than the eternity said to be prepared for a large proportion of the human race, who do not fulfill the requirements for saints by the musty, morbid, gloomy creeds of the Middle Ages.

Had the Doctor proclaimed his belief in a bold

and concise manner, it would appear much more striking and convincing than he made it by diluting and attenuating the great idea with symbols, explanations and limitations.

"A God alone can comprehend a God."

When mortality has put on immortality, then, and not until then, can

The disenthralled, Christ-ransomed soul,
Enjoy and comprehend the whole,
Through eternity's endless years—
Know all the joys of all the spheres.

Harlow N. Higinbotham

And now comes a scene of enchantment—a vision of beauty—a park and a palace, Harlow N. Higinbotham's (the Chicago Millionaire) Cass Street country mansion, the crowning glory of Hickory Creek Settlement and Cass Street; on the same farm and near the old home where he was born and lived, in the halcyon days of his boyhood. From his observatory he can look on, and muse on, many scenes hallowed by fond recollections.

Hickory Creek, which he forded, waded, rafted saw logs, and swam in, fished for black bass, and caught suckers and sun-fish; the dark forest primeval where the wolves howled and the foxes yelped at night time, and where next day he set steel traps for wolves and foxes,— and caught cotton tail rabbits and squirrels; baited them again for beaver,—and caught muskrats; the site of his father's old saw mill and grist mill, in whose wheat

bins and corn bins he waded barefooted; the old orchard where he ate too soon and too many the green goods that grew on the apple trees; the furred and feathered game that he shot in the forest and on the prairie; the grand prairie fires, which often swept over the country threatening and sometimes destroying the pioneers' buildings and haystacks; the spot where the little country school-house stood and in which he acquired the first rudiments of an education, whereby he has been able to write a signature that is circulated all over the civilized world; studied arithmetic, that he might check up the account of his vast business in millions; history and geography enough to preside at and guide the world's greatest exposition; learned to read that he might read the signs of the times in the great marts of the world, read the character and credit of men in their faces, and books, papers, and letters at midnight in the "Land of the Midnight Sun."

His many friends now feel that he should de-

vote some of the best years of his life to the public, in the Senate of the United States as Senator from Illinois.

There are none to dispute his ability and his popularity. "Through all the years, he has worn the white flower of a blameless life."

And when The End is written on life's last busy chapter, may he rest from his labors with his kindred and friends near the east end of old Cass Street.

THE END.

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